THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

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A
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Now is the time to buy HARNESSES; we have a few at low prices. They will be higher.

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These tiny Capsules are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebs or Injections and CURE IN 48 HOURS the same diseases without inconvenience.
Sold by all Druggists.

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We just received a new lot of
Buggies of all descriptions, Milk Wagons, Steam Laundry Wagons, Store Wagons and Stanhope Carriages.
Also a large line of New and Second-Hand Harnesses, Single and Double, Heavy and Light, and I will sell them at Very Low Prices.
Just drop around and look them, if do not want to buy.

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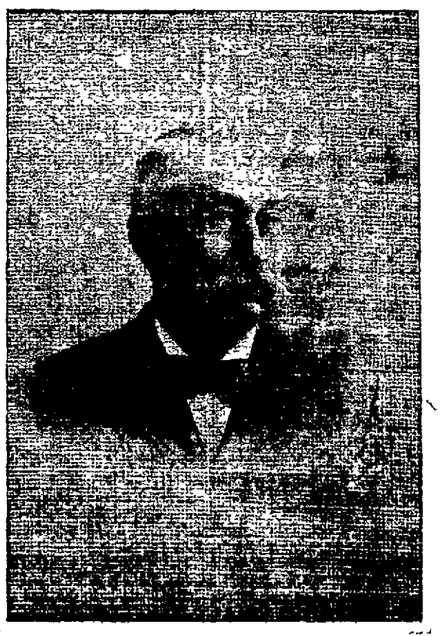
FOR A SIX YEARS' TERM.

Police Commissioner Dimick Has Been Reappointed.

Done At A Meeting Of Governor And Council On Tuesday.

This Action Will Be Received With General Satisfaction Here

At a meeting of the governor and council in Concord on Tuesday afternoon, John E. Dimick was reappointed to the board of police commissioners of this city, for the term of six years. This action had been confidently anticipated, as Mr Dimick has been a decided credit to the office and the community in general had no desire other than that he retain his place on the board, so his reappointment will cause universal satisfaction here



John E. Dimick.

Mr. Dimick was one of the original board appointed when the commissioner system first became legal in this city, and at all times he has so conducted himself as to win the esteem of those with whom his official duties have put him in touch, as well as of the mass of the people who have studied the acts of the board from the outside.

It may be said that Mr. Dimick enjoys the full confidence and regard of his two fellow commissioners, who will be pleased that he is to be their associate for another period. It is a smoothly working trio, and Mr Dimick's tact and good judgment go far toward the general harmony that exists among the members of the board.

SPORTING NOTES

There will be two splendid exhibitions of basket ball this week, one Wednesday evening, when the Woods Brothers meet the All Portsmouth five, and the Delapoon seniors run against the Wattawamats, and the other Friday evening, when the New Hampshire team from New Hampshire college meets the Unity club in Peirce hall.

Harvard defeated Yale, Monday evening in New York, at hockey, by a score of 4 to 0 Pinhollow, the Portsmouth representative on the Harvard team, in trying to block a Yale man, fell heavily against the side of the rink and received a sprained wrist and a bad cut over the eye. He pluckily tried to play the game out, but was forced to retire in favor of a substitute.

It seems to be the general impression that the Manchester and Rochester basket ball teams have met and defeated the Dartmouth varsity five, but such is not the case. The teams in question have both won games from the Dartmouth second team, but have never met the conquerors of Tufts, Cornell and Harvard. The only team in the state, taking past records as a criterion, capable of giving the Dartmouth regulars a stiff argument is the Woods Brothers team of this city.

Constitution circle will celebrate its anniversary next Monday evening with an entertainment and a dance.

THE CHINESE ISSUE.

A Choice Of Suicide.

PEKIN, Feb. 12.—Prince Ching and Li Hung Chang have received a long despatch from the court which they have not disclosed to the foreign envoys. It is understood to contain, besides the recent celebrated reform decree, a choice of various methods of suicide to those officials named by the envoys for punishment, together with an inquiry of the Chinese plenipotentiaries as to whether they think this will satisfy the envoys. It is also understood that the plenipotentiaries, in reply, said that the envoys would probably insist upon the publication of the sentences of execution throughout the empire and upon the exhibition of the heads of the victims at various points It is seriously doubted here whether General Tung Fuh Siang will agree to suicide. The army worships him He has almost absolute control of the Mohammedans and it is thought that he is one himself. It is feared that an attempt to force him to suicide will mean a civil war.

Merely A Blind.

SHANGHAI, Feb. 12.—According to the North China News, the Chinese say that the acceptance of the conditions of the powers by the Chinese plenipotentiaries was merely a blind and a large force of Chinese troops is on the way to Tai Yuen Fu, to oppose an expected allied expedition.

A JUDICIAL BERTH.

ST. JOHNSBURY, VT., Feb. 12.—Former Lieut. Gov. H. C. Bates of this city was today offered a position as judge in the Philippines, by the United States government, and accepted it. His salary will be $5500.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12.—Forecast for New England: Fair Wednesday and Thursday, colder Wednesday, brisk to high northwest winds with gales on the coast Wednesday, diminishing Thursday.

The All Portsmouth team will try to defeat the unconquered Woods Bros. at basket ball this evening at Peirce hall. It will be the game of the season.

Nothing
Tastes Good

And eating is simply perfunctory—done because it must be.

This is the common complaint of the dyspeptic.

If eating sparingly would cure dyspepsia, few would suffer from it long.

The only way to cure dyspepsia, which is difficult digestion, is to give vigor and tone to the stomach and the whole digestive system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cured the niece of Frank Fay, 106 N. St., South Boston, Mass., who writes that she had been a great sufferer from dyspepsia for six years; had been without appetite and had been troubled with sour stomach and headache. She had tried many other medicines in vain. Two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla made her well.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Promises to cure and keeps the promise. Don't wait till you are worse, but buy a bottle today.

BLIZZARD RAGES.

New York State In A Storm's Grip.

In Some Respects The Worst For Many Years.

Drifting Snow Responsible For Wreck Of Several Trains.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Feb. 12.—Northern and Central New York is feet deep with snow and the worst blizzard of the winter and, in some respects, of many years, is now raging. Over a territory extending from Rochester to Utica and from Watertown to Ithaca a fierce gale prevails and while it is not exceedingly cold, the fine snow driven by the wind makes travel very difficult. Specials to the Post-Standard from outlying towns say the storm in those places is the worst ever known. Two freight trains on the New York Central railroad collided at Jordan early this morning, while the blizzard was at its height The drifting snow delayed the work of clearing the tracks and before the obstruction was removed a limited fast mail from the east and a passenger train from the west crashed into the wreck. Neither train was seriously damaged.

IN CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12.—During the entire session of the senate today, the agricultural appropriation bill was considered. After six hours of discussion, it was little more than half completed. The house passed the army organization bill and entered upon a consideration of the sundry civil bill, the last but one of all the big money bills. The letter reflecting upon Perry S. Heath, introduced by Mr. Sulzer of New York, yesterday, was expunged from the records. At the close of the day, the house received the customary expressions of regret at the death of Col. Albert D. Shaw and adjourned in respect to his memory.

NAVAL VESSELS' MOVEMENTS

WATHINGTON, Feb. 12 —The Kentucky has arrived at Hong Kong and reported to Admiral Remey. The Mayflower is at Santa Lucia. The Bancroft has left Colon for Key West. The Caesar sailed today from the Bermudas for Hampton Roads, the last stage of her long voyage home from the Asiatic station. The Foote reached Newport yesterday.

WITH THE THEATRICAL FOLK.

George Leslie has secured Chums from Charles Frohman and will shortly begin a tour of the vaudeville houses with it.

Frankie Bailey of the Hodge, Podge & Co. company, who sustained a fall during the Thursday afternoon performance at the Columbia theater, is still nursing a bruised arm.

Corse Payton played Hazel Kirke in his Brooklyn theater last Saturday before 1 000 school children They came in on complimentaries, the performance starting in the morning at 10:30 o'clock.

It is a fact, which all playgoers have found out, that our theatres have rarely, if ever, been more extensively patronized than now Even Boston's old and well deserved reputation as the best show town in the country is being eclipsed here at present. — Boston Herald.

William Winter Jefferson, son of Mr Joseph Jefferson, is visiting Washington for a short time on his way to New York, from which place he will return to Palm Beach, Fla., where he has been the greater portion of the season with his father. THE PLAYGOER.

NEW PASTOR CALLED.

The Court street Christian church society has extended a call to the Rev. F. H. Gardner of Lubec, Me., to become the pastor of that church. He has resigned from his parish, to take effect April 1, and the present pastor of the Christian church, the Rev. Myron Tyler, having resigned some months ago, will stay until his successor arrives.

SOLDIERING IN LUZON.

A Trooper In Third Cavalry Writes Of Life Out There.

A. L. Currie, a trooper in Troop I, Third United States cavalry, now stationed at Badoc, Ilocos Norte, Luzon, has written to his mother, Mrs. F. J. Currie, 45 State street, in this city, concerning life out there. He enlisted at New York and was stationed for some time at Fort Myers, previous to going to the Philippines. The Third is exploited as one of the crack cavalry regiments in the regular service.

In a letter written at Badoc on December 23d last, Currie says: We are getting ready for Christmas and expect to have a good dinner. We hang a "nigger" here the same day, for murder, and I am on the detail that builds the gallows. We are making a fine one. We have rooster fights and horse races among the fellows in the troop. I never felt better in my life, but it is awfully hot here and we are riding about all the time, chasing "niggers" or hunting rations. It is the dry season now and we have no rain at all. B troop of the Third is stationed here with us. It has lost three men in three months, with fever You never see anything here but soldiers and "niggers," bull carts and water buffaloes, and they are used to do all the work. This is a country where it is a case of hustle for yourself I guess we shan't starve, though as long as there are plenty of chickens here.

On December 25th, he writes again, as follows:

I have just eaten my Christmas dinner and I thought I would write and tell you about it. We had one chicken apiece, three different kinds of pie, cake of all kinds, roast pork, all kinds of canned jam, fine coffee, and beer for those who desired it It doesn't seem like Christmas here as we don't see any snow and it is eighty degrees above zero in the shade. Everything is quiet here now. We captured six armed Philippinos day before yesterday, out in the mountains. They made no resistance, so we did not shoot them.

A DRAMATIC TREAT.

A company sent out by E. E Rice and composed of artists who would appear to advantage in almost any offering, gave a large and fashionable audience at Music hall an unusual dramatic treat, on Tuesday evening, with the presentation of When We Were Twenty-One, a comedy-drama which has been played to crowded houses ever since its great run at the Knickerbocker, New York.

It is a charming story, masterful in conception and brilliant in dialogue. It blends sentiment and mirth admirably and the critical playgoer who onces sees it can readily account for the large receipts that are constantly accruing to it.

Although every member of the cast fits exactly into the action of the piece, just as the various settings in a mosaic floor, five persons perhaps stand out the most prominently. They are William Morris and Miss Carrie Wyckliffe, who carry the leading roles; Edward Gillespie, as David Hirsch; William Strong, as the soldier man, and Del Lewis, as the doctor. Mr. Morris was the personification of strong and finished acting, and many in the house remarked that they had never seen a cleverer characterization than that which he gave the part of Dick Carew. As a leading man in finely drawn plays, Mr. Morris is always in demand, and with excellent reason. His work is well nigh perfect and his participation always inspires the others of the company to do their very best.

Miss Wyckliffe's rise in stagedom has been rapid, but it seems justified by the talents that she exhibits. She was a favorite on Tuesday evening, the audience delighting in doing her honor with applause, frequently.

Mr. Gillespie attracted a great deal of attention, for he has a good part and a first class conception of it. He gave a well-rounded interpretation of his role and scored an emphatic success with those in front.

Messrs. Strong and Lewis appeared to marked advantage whenever the episodes of the play demanded their presence on the stage.

It was one of the largest audiences of the present season, the lower floor being completely filled. Already are heard clamors for a return engagement of this splendid attraction.

OBSEQUIES.

The funeral of Mrs. Lois Batchelder, wife of Cyrus P. Batchelder of New Castle, was held at the Congregational church in New Castle at two o'clock this afternoon, the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Davis, officiating. Interment was in Riverside cemetery by Mr. O. W. Ham of this city.

A BRILLIANT AFFAIR.

Reception To The New Secretary Of The Portsmouth Y. M. C. A.

Mr. Hoehn, the new secretary of the Portsmouth Y. M. C. A, and his wife, were given a reception in the association quarters, Congress street, on Tuesday evening, which proved quite a brilliant affair.

In the large throng present were many of the prominent business men of the city, clergymen, church leaders and society lights. Cut flowers and potted plants had been employed effectively to give a dash of color to the apartments. The reception committee comprised E. P. Kimball (president of the association) and Mrs. Kimball, with Secretary and Mrs. Hoehn. The ushers were Charles Brewster, John Batchelder and George Fogg.

During the evening a pleasing entertainment was given, consisting of a piano solo by Miss Whidden and remarks of interest by President Kimball, Secretary Hoehn, E. Scott Owen, Superintendent of Schools Morrison, Dr. Harry A. Watts and Mr. Brackett of Skagway, Alaska. The latter has been attendant here upon his son, Thomas Thayer Brackett, who has been very ill. He spoke briefly of the work that the Y. M. C. A., is doing in Alaska.

Refreshments were served under the direction of the Ladies auxiliary, young ladies from the several churches acting as waitresses.

PROPHETIC CONVENTION.

Series of Lectures at the Advent Christian Church Here this Week.

The following is the complete programme of the series of lectures at the Advent Christian church on Hanover street this week, under the designation of a prophetic convention, seats being free and every one cordially invited:

Wednesday, 10 A. M. Lecture by Rev. A. W. Sibley, subject, "Prophecy, Its Importance, Classification and Literal Accomplishment;" 2 P. M., lecture by Rev. Mrs. McKinstry, subject, "The Forgotten Dream of Daniel 2," illustrated; 7:30 P. M., lecture by Rev. G. F. Haines, subject, "Symbolic View of the World's History," illustrated.

Thursday, 10 A. M., lecture by Rev. G. H. Wallace, subject, "An Exposition of Daniel, Eleventh Chapter;" 2 P. M., lecture by Rev. J. Miett, subject "Our Lord's Great Prophecy;" 7:30 P. M., lecture by Rev. W. H. Mitchell, subject, "The Social and Moral Aspect of our Times in Prophecy."

Friday, 10 A. M., lecture by Rev. W. A. Burch, subject, "The Jews in the Light of Prophecy;" 2 P. M., lecture by Rev. G F. Haines, subject, "The Time of the End;" 7:30 P. M, lecture by Rev. Mrs. McKinstry, subject, "The Seven Seals of Revelation," illustrated.

MERITED RECOGNITION.

Leaves of Absence for Employees of the Navy Yards and Arsenals.

The employees of the navy yards and arsenals have at last secured recognition from the United States government in having Congress pass a bill granting an annual leave of absence with pay Up to the present time the employees of these two branches of the government received no leave at all.

Bills have been passed in congress for the past six years and committees of organized labor have worked hard to have this bill enacted into law, but never met with any success.

The joint legislative committee representing the International association of Machinists, the Pattern Makers' league of N. A., the Iron Moulders union of N. A. have at last been successful after working hard for the past thirteen months the desired result has been accomplished.

The bill is undoubtedly one of the most important and benefits more men than any bill ever passed which directly benefits the laboring classes, and well can organized labor be proud of this victory, for it gives an American mechanic a chance to develop his mind, it makes him feel that life is worth living, it gives him a chance to recuperate wasted energies and better fits him for his daily labors.

Signed:
B. G. LADD, chairman;
ALBERT J. TERRELL, vice chairman;
JOHN J. FRANKE, secretary;
H. M DARLING, treasurer.
F H NEWHAM, JOHN B. LIMBERING, J. G. WILLIAM, M O'DONNELL, J. S. BYERS, joint legislative committee of the Washington navy yard.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

THE GAIT OF THE MAN

ONE PLACE WHERE IT BRINGS OUT HIS CHARACTER.

An Old "Chair Warmer" Says That Watching Men as They Cross the Lobby of a Fashionable Hotel Is a Great Study of Human Nature.

"You can tell with probable certainty a man's character, disposition and [illegible] tion in life when you see him cross a hotel lobby," said an old lobby lounger the other day as he sat down in a chair in one of the big hotels.

"Did you ever sit and watch the people pass? It's an interesting study of human character and the result of human experience. Pride, timidity, assurance, [illegible] ness, concentration—all walk before you. They say that these things can be told by a man's manner of walking on the street or anywhere else, but start him over the marble corridor and see how all his traits are emphasized and accentuated."

Just then two buds of manhood entered the lobby where the lounger sat. They wore high white collars. They walked hard and laughed loud. One of them stopped at the cigar stand to light a cigarette and called to his comrade to wait. Then they deliberately walked directly toward the bar. They did not try to conceal the fact that they were going toward the hotel's barroom. They did it openly. They even advertised it. Probably they were going to get a very wicked drink.

"Do you know," mused the lounger, "that there is a certain atmosphere that can be found only in first class hotels? It is an atmosphere of what might be called sporty gentility. It makes men feel ill at ease unless their clothes are good. To enter the lobby of a fashionable hotel causes some men to talk in words and on subjects that are unusual to them—to put on airs, as it were. Men never hesitate to say:

"'I was in the —— hotel, you know, when I met So-and-so, and he told me,' etc.

"Those two young gentlemen that you just now enter the bar feel all this. They feel that they would acquire a certain position in the social scale by appearing to be at home in this lobby. But their noisy manner makes it apparent that they wish to advertise their presence, and thus they destroy the impression which they try to create.

"To cross a hotel lobby is something of an event to a man who isn't used to it," continued the lounger, "and that is why personal characteristics stick out all the stronger when he does. Now, the gentleman who is proud of his looks is sure to give a free exhibition of himself as he walks across the smooth floor. He will square his shoulders and hold out his chest and throw back his haughty head and strut like a proud, plumed thing. You can almost imagine that you see hot flame bursting from his nostrils. He glances from right to left to be certain that he is being closely observed. He acknowledges the smile of the cigar girl with a sweeping salute. He raises his hat and bows grandly to the telegraph girl, and, when he has reached the counter where the clerk stands there is a feeling in the lobby not unlike that in the street after the circus parade has passed. It is a feeling that all is over.

"Not so with the timid, modest gentleman. He will walk hurriedly, as though glad to have the ordeal past. He does not dare to look about him, but he will probably rub his nose or stroke his chin as a shy man does who walks down a long church aisle. He is ashamed to be making himself so prominent. If you speak to this man afterward, you will find that his voice is mild and his manner self depreciative.

"After all," continued the "chair boarder," "the most interesting sight is that of a man whose feet are at home on grass or plowed ground making a voyage over the marble floor of the hotel lobby. Such a one is impressed with the awfulness of the thing. He is panic stricken to begin with, and, then, the stone is so solid that it gives a shock to each foot as he puts it down, so that he lifts it high with each step, like a chicken walking in the wet grass, and, then, there is the constant peril of slipping. The distance across the lobby seems miles. I have seen a man take it by easy stages—walk first to a chair and sneak into it, and then rise gingerly and grit his teeth and start out again full of grim determination. Such a man is sure to be noticed. Just because he longs to be unobserved unkind fate fastens every one's eyes on him.

"There is one type, however," mused the lounger, "that no one notices. He is the man who lives in hotels. He walks across the lobby with as much unconcern as he would into his own house. In fact, I believe that men who have been guests year after year at the same hotel grow to assume a sort of ownership.

"There is another set of individuals whose habits and character are unmistakable when they appear in the hotels. I belong to this class myself. They call us 'chair warmers,' 'lobby loungers' and other things. In the summer time we fill the row of chairs on the sidewalk in front or sit with our chairs in the street in front and our feet on the edge of the sidewalk. We are always on the shady side of the building and in the path of a breeze, if possible. In the winter time we are in the lobby, where it's warm. You can tell us by one certain sign. We are always sitting.

"[illegible] the panorama of the lobby goes [illegible] who strut fiercely and show that they are petty and vain, men who [illegible] and [illegible] and show that they are ill at [illegible], men who walk anxiously and [illegible], showing that they are never [illegible]; men without [illegible] thought of themselves, showing that they [illegible] in such affairs and [illegible], men who have a [illegible] though they hadn't paid [illegible] the [illegible] the other [illegible] men with nothing else to do, [illegible] men and [illegible] men, prosperous men and never do wells. It's [illegible] that is before me daily [illegible] here, an interesting picture [illegible] and muse upon."—Kansas City Star.

A Funny Custom.

In [illegible] on [illegible] of [illegible] W[illegible] th[illegible] on [illegible] no watch at 2s and so's.

LUCK IN DETECTIVE WORK.

Clews of the Sort That Lead to Something Once in a Lifetime.

"It's very strange how a detective will be put on the right track by some trivial incident, apparently disassociated altogether from the case in hand," remarked an old government official the other day.

"A dozen years ago, when I was doing some special work in the secret service department under Chief Bell, I undertook to run down a fellow who had been making some remarkably perfect counterfeit silver dollars and who had slipped through the fingers of the officers when they raided his place and captured his plant. The man had taken his meals for several months at a restaurant I patronized now and then, and I noticed him, casually, sitting at the table, but the only thing I could remember about him was that he ate a great many oysters and always called for raspberry vinegar and white pepper to use on them as condiments. The combination was rather peculiar and had fixed itself on my mind, but it could hardly be regarded as much of a clew. I hunted high and low for the fugitive, and after putting in four or five weeks of the hardest kind of work without discovering anything that would give the slightest lead to his whereabouts I gave up in despair and for the time being put the case in the pigeonhole.

"Fully six months afterward another affair of an entirely different character took me to a city in a distant state, and one afternoon I dropped in at a good sized fancy grocery to make some inquiries about an address. While I was waiting to speak to the proprietor I heard an unusually fat man giving a clerk an order for a gallon of raspberry vinegar and impressing him particularly to send the best quality. Naturally the stuff reminded me of my missing counterfeiter, and after the fat gentleman went out I asked the clerk carelessly who he was. 'He keeps a restaurant at No. ——,' replied the young man. 'I wonder if he is as particular about his white pepper also,' I remarked on the impulse of the moment. The clerk looked astonished. 'Why, that's funny,' he said. 'I sold him some extra strong imported white pepper only yesterday.'

"It seems hardly possible that it could be anything more than a mere coincidence, but on the bare chance that I had struck a trail I strolled around to the restaurant that evening, and the first man I laid eyes on was my long lost silver dollar expert. He was eating raw oysters with vinegar and pepper, and I was so pleased with myself that I let him get through before I tapped him on the shoulder and told him he was under arrest. It turned out that he had struck town only a week before and had called for his favorite condiments at this particular cafe. They weren't on hand in the place, but the proprietor promised to get them for him, and the result was that the epicurean counterfeiter did seven years in the United States prison at Columbus.

"But those are rare strokes of chance," added the old officer. "Once in a lifetime is about their average."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"THE GHOST OF THE CAGE."

An Explanation of Otherwise Inexplicable Elevator Accidents.

A Scimitar man ran across a party of Memphis men in the office of the Arlington, and they were talking about elevator accidents. In the party was a member of the city engineer's corps, who said:

"Every year there are hundreds of elevator accidents, and very few of them are from the breaking of cables or brakes. The majority of the cases on record can be traced to this one fact: The victim stepped into the shaft. Now, why on earth would a sane man do such a thing? Why, he simply thought he saw the elevator car in its accustomed place, and when he stepped on what he thought was solid floor he went to his death. The first of these remarkable elevator accidents that was ever noticed came to light in the mining regions of Colorado. Years ago I was out in that section of the country engineering for different companies, and in regard to these accidents I speak from what I actually saw. The first accident of this kind I ever heard of was in one of the deep silver mines of Leadville.

"One of the oldest men in the employ of the company, a man who had been following mining for half his life and knew this mine as he knew the streets of Leadville, ran a car of ore over the edge of the shaft on the third level and was dragged down to the bottom with it. He was mortally injured, but before he died he told the doctor that he saw the 'cage' at the shaft.

"Since that time there have been any number of accidents of a like nature in the mines out west. Sometimes the victims were all killed at once, but those who survived always swore that they saw the cage. I have talked to old miners, and they say they dread nothing more than the 'ghost of the cage.' They say that it comes to men who have worked all their lives in the mines. In fact the longer a man has worked in a deep mine the more apt is he to see the 'ghost of the cage.'

"So, taking it all together, I firmly believe that those who lose their lives by stepping into open elevator shafts really see the elevator car. It is one of the most [illegible] optical illusions in the world, but such it must be. The victim has become accustomed to seeing the cage at the shaft when he needs it, and the picture of it is fixed on his brain. When the fatal step is taken that sends him to death, he really sees it—the ghost of the cage."—Memphis Scimitar.

Poisonous Plants.

It is not generally understood that a large number of plants with which we are familiar contain poisonous or less deadly according to the quantity consumed. A very small piece of the bulb of a narcissus may cause death. The leaves, flowers, roots and bark of the oleander are deadly, [illegible] the entire plant is dangerous to life. The jonquil and hyacinth are poisonous. Peach and cherry pits contain prussic acid [illegible], and yew berries are [illegible] loss of life. Most people know that toadstools are dangerous [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] no one day [illegible] and not [illegible] at all druggists. [illegible]

LAFAYETTE'S GOOD MEMORY.

He Remembered a Room He Had Not Seen For Fifty Years.

Washington's headquarters at Newburg, a small old fashioned Dutch house, fronting the Hudson river, is now owned by the state of New York. In repairing it care was taken to preserve the ancient form of every part that was renewed. The front door opens into a large, square room, which was used by Washington for his public audience and as a dining hall. It is remarkable for having seven doors and only one window.

In a recent publication, "A Godchild of Washington," the author quotes from the New York Mirror for 1834 an interesting anecdote connected with this room. Its authority is Colonel Nicholas Fish, a soldier of the Revolution and the father of Hon. Hamilton Fish, secretary of state under President Grant.

Just before Lafayette's death he was invited with the American minister to dine at the house of Marbois, who was the French secretary of legation to the American colonies during the Revolution. When dinner was announced, the company were shown into a room which contrasted strangely with the elegance of the other apartments.

A low boarded, painted ceiling, with large beams, a single small, uncurtained window, with numerous small doors, as well as the general style of the whole, gave at first the idea of the kitchen or largest room of a Dutch or Belgian farmhouse.

On a rough table was a repast, which consisted of a large dish of meat, uncouth looking pastry and wine in decanters and bottles, accompanied by glass and silver mugs, such as indicated other habits and tastes than those of modern Paris.

"Do you know where you are?" said the host to Lafayette.

He paused for a few moments—he had seen something like this before, but when and where?

"Ah, the seven doors and one window! And the silver camp goblets, such as the marshals of France used in my youth!" exclaimed Lafayette. "We are at Washington's headquarters on the Hudson 50 years ago!"—Youth's Companion.

FISH AS FOOD.

There Is No Evidence That It Supplies Phosphorus to the Brain.

Why is fish called a brain diet? Does it really nourish the brain more than other articles of food? What kinds of fish are best in this respect, and does the method of cooking make any difference—that is, is boiled or fried fish better?

A chemical examination of fish shows that it contains a considerable amount of phosphorus. A chemical examination of the human brain shows that it also contains a considerable amount of phosphorus. From this fact the chemist jumps to the conclusion that fish must be especially good as a brain food, but there is not the slightest experimental evidence to support this theory. On the other hand, it is a well attested fact that those communities and tribes of men which subsist most largely upon fish are the lowest in the scale of human development. The Tierra del Fuegians live almost exclusively on raw fish and are perhaps the lowest of all human beings. A young student in a western college once wrote to Artemus Ward asking how much fish he thought he should eat to supply his daily mental needs. The wit replied that he thought a small whale would be about suited to his requirements.

Fish, like other forms of flesh, are most digestible eaten raw, but as few palates could tolerate the flavor of raw fish it may be suggested that broiling or boiling is the next best method of preparation. Fried fish, like fried beef, is almost wholly indigestible, as the fat renders the lean or albuminous portion of the fish almost wholly incapable of digestion by the gastric juice. —Voice.

The Mile In Many Countries.

The English mile, used also in this country, measures 1,760 yards, or 5,280 feet. But the mile of foreign countries varies almost as much as the language, so that traveling a mile is one thing either shorter or longer, in other countries. The French system of the "kilometer," or 1,000 meters, is also used in Belgium and Holland. To cyclers and others traveling in these countries the kilometer—equal to 1,094 yards—is used as a mile measure. The Spanish mile is 1,522 yards, and the Russian only 1,167 yards. But the Chinese have the easiest time of all in making a mile record, their mile being only 609 yards. In Norway and Sweden the mile is 11,690 yards, and in Germany it equals three English miles. Other differences are: Italian, 2,025 yards; Portuguese, 2,250; Austria, 8,297, and Denmark, 8,238.

She Knew Him.

While Charles Dudley Warner, as it is related, was a guest at an old time southern home near Nashville he expressed a desire to see a real, typical negro. So the most loquacious old "aunty" was brought in. To the surprise of every one she would not say a word beyond "Yes, sah," or "No, sah."

After the departure of the distinguished guest she was asked the reason of her silence. With as much dignity and scorn as a grande dame "aunty" replied:

"Ugh! I wa'n't gwine talk to dat Yankee. I knowed him soon's I seed him. He's de very one dat stole mistiss' silver du'in de wah."

Willing to Yield.

The Troy Times tells of a little girl who had been naughty. When bedtime came, her mother said to her, "Now, Mabel, when you say your prayers, be sure to ask God to help you not to be a naughty little girl." Mabel promised that she would add this petition to her prayers. So when she had finished her usual form she spoke as follows:

"And now, O God, please keep Mabel from being a naughty little girl." There was a pause, then she concluded, "Nevertheless thy will, not mine, be done!"

A Servian Custom.

In Servia there still survives a wonderful old institution known as the Zadruga. It is the living together of a whole tribe, numbering sometimes as many as 100 persons, all under the absolute authority of one chief. He keeps all the money, makes all purchases and decides the minutest detail of family life. As a family grows the home has to be enlarged, and sometimes it stretches the whole length of a street.

There are many curious things sold in the Russian markets, and one can buy eels and snakes and chicken [illegible]. Lambs' feet are sold as a great dainty, and calves' feet are bought for soup.

Switzerland has a special academy, established by an association of hotel keepers, at which [illegible] 30 men are specially educated for the hotel business.

THE HARBOR LIGHT.

[illegible] night
[illegible]
A [illegible] the foam
[illegible] of home!
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] light!

[illegible]
[illegible]
On, captain, at whose [illegible] command
Our brave ship [illegible] the land!
[illegible] vine clad [illegible]
[illegible] the sea [illegible] in the night
Swift as a sea gull's be our flight
Toward the light—the harbor light!"

And swift we sped from storm and gloom
To smiling shores of light and bloom;
The sorrow of the voyage past
Sing is the joy of home at last!
Home, where the ships in shelter rest!
Home, where the light, the love, is best!
Over the plunging seas of night
Love's blessing in the harbor light!

Oh, ships that in the darkness roam,
Sweet sing the harbor bells of home!
Though far the shore, the voyage long,
The dark will drift to morning song.
The bells sing o'er the tossing bars,
The sails bend sure beneath the stars;
Still—still the distant shore we sight
And again the light—the harbor light!
—Atlanta Constitution.

SPANISH GOLD.

How It Has Operated to Improve the Art of the Divers.

As a matter of fact, Spanish gold, strewn on the floor of the sea, has done much to improve the art of the diver. Before the armada year was out we began to search for the treasure the wrecked ships were supposed to contain, and these efforts were renewed from time to time down to the present century. One of the first to try his luck was the Marquis of Argyll. He sent to Glasgow for a diver, and several descents were made to the ships sunk off the island of Mull. The diver's want of success was no doubt due to the crudeness of his apparatus. It is said that air was supplied to him by means of a leather pipe, but it is not likely that he was able to remain under water more than two or three minutes at a time. Some 80 years later another attempt was made at the same ships, this time with a rough kind of diving bell. After a great deal of trouble three guns were brought up, and then the operations were finally abandoned. It may help to thrill some of the tourists who visit these northern seas to know that under their sliding keels lie Spanish ships and unknown quantities of Spanish gold.

A Whitstable diver named Gann is said to have had a pretty piece of luck late in the present century with one of the ships of the armada. Business took him to Galway, and one night over a pipe with the fishermen he heard the local tradition that a Spanish ship lay off the coast. Gann made terms with a man who said he knew the whereabouts of the wreck, and after several weeks of patient searching with grapnels they came upon traces of a ship. Gann went down in his diving dress and found a large quantity of Spanish dollars. They had been packed originally in barrels, but the wood had rotted away, leaving the gold stacked in the shape of barrels. The diver with his share of the money built a row of houses in his native place, and if anybody doubts the truth of the story let him go to Whitstable and ask for Dollar row.—Good Words.

Why Was He an Idiot?

There is a story told of a very talkative lady who met with a well deserved rebuke at a social gathering not long ago. Her husband is a man of high standing in the world of science, but the lady regards him as a dreamer of impossible dreams. "Do you know," she remarked, "that genius and imbecility are twin brothers? The world regards John as a genius. Now, there are times when I believe him to be an idiot."

A painful silence followed, broken by a blunt old doctor who had overheard the remark.

"Are we to understand, madam," he said, "that Professor Y., though your husband, is so lightly esteemed by you?"

"I say what I think," she retorted. "At times John is unmistakably an idiot."

"Merely because he is your husband?"

"Sir!"

"Oh, very well," was the grim rejoinder. "We will put it another way. He is your husband because he is an idiot. Will that do?"—Pearson's Weekly.

The Ruling Passion.

Poor old Mrs. Skewton of rose colored curtains fame in "Dombey and Son," was equaled in her vanity by old Mrs. Blank who died in a New England village some years ago. She was past 80 when brought to her deathbed, but even then her personal appearance was uppermost in her mind.

One morning her pastor called unexpectedly and after a little conversation [illegible] read a chapter and prayed with the old lady. After his departure she was asked it she did not enjoy the spiritual consolation offered her by her pastor.

"Well, yes," she said with an acrid note in her voice, "but I'd enjoyed it a blamed sight more if I'd known he was coming so I could 'a' had my hair crimped and my teeth in!"—Exchange.

Bad Breaks.

"Johnny, Johnny, didn't I ask you once to stop whistling at the table?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, do you want me to ask you again?"

"No'm. I don't want you to make no bad breaks."

"Bad breaks! What do you mean, Johnny?"

"Well'm, you said it was very impolite to ask for things twice at the table."—Baltimore News.

The Praying Wheel.

A recent traveler thus describes the praying wheel of Tibet: "A barrel eight inches long holds 1,200 thin leaves, on each side of which the prayer is printed, say, ten times. This gives 28,000 prayers, all of which are put to the worshiper's credit in the world to come if with a touch of his finger he makes the barrel revolve once."

Window Made of Stone.

A window made entirely of stone has been presented to a French cathedral. The stone is reptilite, found in Siberia, and so beautifully transparent that when placed as it is it catches the sun's rays and reflects them into the interior of the cathedral.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York is in possession of a rare portrait of Benjamin Franklin. It was procured in Paris and represents the great philosopher wearing a cocked hat.

Of the 35,000,000 bushels of oysters consumed throughout the world every year this country supplies 30,000,000 bushels.

FODDER IN THE TREE TOPS.

Cattle In Hawaii May In Time Develop Scansorial Attributes.

A cow cannot climb a tree—an undoubted fact in natural history. Yet if environment can effect what some believe it can a few generations of cattle in Hawaii are likely to evolve a race of scansorial kine, for the cream of their [illegible] grows on trees.

There are only two directions in the islands of the Pacific, and everybody goes the trade windward and leeward [illegible] [illegible] bred at courtship to [illegible] In Hawaii these two directions are distinctly marked—in the windward side of every island, tropical rains [illegible] green things to jungle luxuriance; on the leeward side, drought rarely broken [illegible] grasses precariously [illegible] in a [illegible] soil, for most months almost [illegible] sere and brown. But as not every one can live to windward, and it seems a pity to let so much leeward go to waste, which might otherwise be good, the algaroba tree has been introduced from the African [illegible] and has made cattle ranching a successful possibility on the dry lands.

Priests of the French mission were the introducers, they having become acquainted with its value in Algeria. As its name shows, it is the Carob tree of the "Arabian Nights," the source of most people's knowledge of things Arabic. The tree grows most luxuriantly in most Hawaiian soils and bears continuously the year around. This is a matter of particular importance, for it is the fruit which is of value. The tree grows to the height attained by large maples and branches luxuriantly so as to shade a considerable area, and as the leaves are both abundant and large, there is formed a protection against the heat which stock appreciate. The fruit is a large fleshy pod filled with beans the size of a horse chestnut. It is upon the pods and the beans that cattle feed. This fodder is so satisfying that for long periods cattle are fed on nothing else and reach market in prime condition.—New York Sun.

AN INGRATE SOLDIER.

His Cowardly Action, However, Was the Making of a Nobleman.

Here is a story of the battlefield. There was war between the Swedes and the Danes. One day a great battle was fought and the Swedes were beaten and driven from the field. A soldier of the Danes who had been slightly wounded was sitting on the ground. He was about to take a drink from a flask. All at once he heard some one say:

"Oh, sir, give me a drink, for I am dying!"

It was a wounded Swede who spoke. He was lying on the ground only a little way off. The Dane went to him at once. He knelt down by the side of his fallen foe and pressed the flask to his lips. "Drink," said he, "for thy need is greater than mine."

Hardly had he spoken these words when the Swede raised himself on his elbow. He pulled a pistol from his pocket and shot at the man who would have befriended him. The bullet grazed the Dane's shoulder, but did not do him much harm.

"Ah, you rascal!" he cried. "I was going to befriend you, and you repay me by trying to kill me. Now I will punish you. I would have given you all the water, but now you shall have only half." And with that he drank the half of it and then gave the rest to the Swede.

When the king of the Danes heard about this, he sent for the soldier and had him tell the story just as it was.

"Why did you spare the life of the Swede after he had tried to kill you?" asked the king.

"Because, sir," said the soldier, "I could never kill a wounded enemy."

"Then you deserve to be a nobleman," said the king. And he rewarded him by making him a knight and giving him a noble title.—"Famous Stories Retold."

The Waste of War.

A shell thrown from a 24 ton quick firing gun rushes through the air at the velocity of 4,900 feet per second, striking its object with a force equal to that of 11,930 tons falling one foot. And yet, comparatively speaking, they are very harmless. Thus, during the one day bombardment of Alexandria by the British fleet of 12 ships, lasting from 7 a. m. to 4:30 p. m., no less than 3,165 shells were thrown into the town, yet not more than 800 Egyptians were killed—that is, it took, roughly speaking, six shells to kill one man.

Again, during the Franco-German war, the Germans threw 30,000 shells into Belfort, killing only 60 Frenchmen, or 500 shells to kill one Frenchman. At Strasburg, in the same war, it took 18 shells to kill every man. And at the siege of Paris 110,000 shells killed only 107 and wounded 200.

Weighting a Horse's Stern.

Some of the officers and men of a vessel once anchored in the harbor of Funchal, Madeira, went ashore for a horseback ride around the island.

About half way up the mountain we came across a little mizzentopman, flushed and evidently very warm, riding a spirited little horse, with a stone tied up in a silk handkerchief slung to his tail.

The first lieutenant laughed and said, "What are you doing with that handkerchief, Brown?"

"Why, you see, sir," said Brown, "that when I first hitched her up she pitched badly, being too much by the head, so I just rigged this stone on aft and brought her down to her bearings, and she sails now like a clipper, sir."—"On a Man-of-war."

In No Danger.

As a picturesque description of that mediocrity which nothing can inspire, Zion's Herald quotes the remark of Father Taylor to a divinity student who had taken the place temporarily of Boston's famous "sailor preacher."

After the sermon, as they descended the pulpit stairs, the student asked:

"Father Taylor, what did you think of my sermon this morning?"

Approaching him in a fatherly way and placing his hand on the student's shoulder, he replied:

"My dear brother, if your text had had the smallpox, your sermon could not have caught it."

Economy in Food.

The most economical mode of procuring food is a due mixture of meat and vegetables [illegible] in the form of soups, [illegible] man should live upon soup alone any more than he should live upon meat or fine [illegible] Health, as well as appetite, requires variety.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

GAMBLER AND BANKER.

A Big Jawed Man Who Warned a Trusty Banker About His Cashier.

"Occasionally secret service information comes from an unexpected source, as was the case last year with a New York bank," says S. H. Adams in Ainslee's. "The president of this institution, who is something of a crusty customer, received a call one morning from a gentleman whose principal claim to distinction rested on a preternaturally large and clean shaven jaw overhanging a highly resplendent diamond of indubitable worth. The caller proceeded at once to business, introducing himself as being 'the inside man with Square Mike Smith' (naming a fixed star in the gambling house firmament).

"'You think you don't want to know me,' he continued, pointing a fat finger at the disgusted president's solar plexus, 'but you do. I want to put you on to your cashier.'

"The urbane banker growled out his disinclination to hear anything about his employees, but the visitor only hitched his chair up a foot nearer and imperturbably proceeded.

"'He's up in the place every night, that cash pusher of yours, rolling the bank's shiners across the green.'

"'He's been winning your money, I suppose, and that is why you are here giving information that nobody wants,' sneered the banker.

"'Copper that bet unless you want to go broke,' said the 'sport' quietly.

"'What do you mean by that?'

"'Copper it, I say. You're twisted. He ain't getting our money. We're getting his; his or the bank's.'

"'Do you expect me to believe that you came down here'—

"'Say, I'm busy,' the visitor interrupted, with sudden vigor. 'I know you. You're one of those dead ones that think they know it all. I ain't got the time to hear you tell it. Here's the point. Your cashier blows in his dough at our place. That's all right. Then he blows in the bank's dough for a few thou', and what happens? Why, you get on to him, and you make a horrible beef, don't you? And then it all gets into the papers, and the cops has to make a play by closing us for a couple of weeks right in the rush of the season. We want that cashier reeled in.' He got to his feet. 'That's all. Take him away. See? Take him away.'

"And with a sudden violent gesture that would have knocked a fly off the tip of the banker's chin if a presumptuous insect had happened to be there the visitor turned and went, leaving the banker blinking and speechless."

BRILLIANT RICHARD VAUX.

The Only American Who Ever Danced With Queen Victoria.

"Richard, I am told thee has been dancing with the queen. I do hope, my son, thee will not marry out of meeting."

The good, old fashioned Quaker simplicity and distrust of royalty were never better exhibited than in these words of the mother of the late Richard Vaux. They were her first greeting to him on his return home from the court of St. James after his memorable exploit at the court ball in Buckingham palace, when he attained the distinction of being the only American who ever danced with Queen Victoria.

It was in 1837. Mr. Vaux's position as secretary to Mr. Stevenson, United States minister to the court of St. James, was in itself a noteworthy one and brought him at once into social prominence in London, but his exceptional personal attributes, his brilliancy of conversation, charm of person, exquisite manners, elegance of diction and gallantry of carriage made him the beau ideal of a court cavalier and a welcome guest in the houses of the nobility, whence he was received and welcomed with open arms. No one, therefore, was greatly surprised in court circles when it became known that the young queen had singled him out for a signal honor and had commanded that he attend the court ball at Buckingham palace, which was to be given in honor of her coronation.

When, however, the night of the ball arrived, and the "queen's cotillon" set was formed, and the guests beheld Richard Vaux, arrayed in his brilliant court costume, take his place in it, a position that was supposed to be reserved for royalty alone, there was surprise and excitement indeed. Then the music struck up, and the gallant young American threaded his way through the intricacies of the royal dance, bearing himself with an air of grace and confidence that was wonderful to behold. The queen was seen to smile in gracious approval as he took her hand and led her through the evolutions of the dance. And there was not a man present who would not have given a coronet to win so coveted a distinction.

After that Mr. Vaux's career was a series of brilliant social triumphs. In his candidacy for congress in 1830 certain voters in his district resented his having danced with the queen of England and used the fact against him as a reflection on his Democracy.—Philadelphia Press.

A Duke's Unconscious Humor.

On a hunting expedition the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar saw a forester whose face seemed familiar to him.

"Are you not a brother of Chief Inspector Schmidt?" asked the duke.

"I am Chief Inspector Schmidt," said the man.

"Ah," said Serenissimus, "that accounts for the resemblance!"

Another time the grand duke was waiting at a small railway station in his tiny realm and addressing two little girls playing near the signal box asked:

"Who is your father?"

"The station master."

"How old are you?"

"I am 5 and my sister 4, Serenissimus."

"How is that possible? Why, the line has only been opened three years!"—Mainly About People.

What His Mother Meant.

"I see now what my old mother meant," said Mr. Newlywed, as he took up a particularly soggy piece of bread.

"What your mother meant?" echoed his wife.

"Yes, what my mother meant. When I used to find fault with the meat or the biscuits, she would shake her head prophetically and say, 'Never mind, my boy, you may see the day when you will be glad to get this.'"—Indianapolis Sun.

Persons extremely reserved and diffident are like the old enameled watches, which had painted covers that hindered you from seeing what time it was.—Walpole.

The letter "x" occurs only once in 1,000 letters in the English language. In French it occurs five times as often.

EMILY GEIGER'S RIDE.

A Revolutionary Heroine Who Is Not Often Heard Of.

On the firing line woman may be worse than an insignificant unit, but if she cannot shoot straight she can and frequently does ride as straight as a man and show a man's resource in emergency. As a natural result each war has its collection of state and national heroines. Emily Geiger was South Carolina's heroine of the Revolution, and her claims to respect and remembrance are set forth below:

In the spring of 1781 General Nathaniel Greene attempted to capture the most important post in upper Carolina, but being advised of Lord Rawdon's rapid approach with a large British force, he withdrew across the Saluda river and was pursued by Rawdon to the Enoree river.

Rawdon's forces were reported divided, and Greene considered it imperative to communicate with General Sumter, who was stationed on the Wateree river, so that, united, the two might make an attack on the British general.

General Sumter was over 100 miles away, with many rivers and forests intervening. More formidable than these were the British soldiers guarding every road leading to the south and the Tory inhabitants of the country between the two patriot forces. There was some difficulty in finding a man willing to undertake the mission, but a girl of 18 came to General Greene and offered her services.

She was Emily, daughter of John Geiger, an ardent patriot who was crippled and unable to bear arms, and she begged an opportunity to do something for her country. She was a good horsewoman and knew the roads for many miles.

General Greene hesitated to send this defenceless girl on so perilous a journey, but finally her insistence prevailed. He gave her a written message to Sumter, which she memorized before beginning her journey.

On the evening of the second day after she had crossed the Saluda river and was approaching the broad Congaree near Columbia three of Rawdon's scouts appeared in the road in front. As she came from the direction of the enemy and gave evasive answers Emily was taken into Lord Rawdon's presence. He was suspicious and sent for two Tory women living three miles distant to search the prisoner.

During the few minutes that she was left alone Emily tore up and swallowed the paper on which General Greene's dispatch was written, and her secret was safe, although every seam of every garment was ripped open by the women searchers.

When Lord Rawdon permitted her to continue her way, he furnished her an escort to the house of a friend several miles distant, and there a fresh horse was given her by the patriot.

Setting out again as soon as it was prudent, Emily continued her ride through swamp and forest, where the darkness was intense, until daylight, when, with the exception of the time lost at British headquarters, she had been 24 hours in the saddle.

At 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the third day the brave girl rode into Sumter's camp and, although almost fainting from fatigue and hunger, delivered clearly the message from General Greene. It is said that in one hour Sumter was ready to march and soon after joined General Greene. In consequence of this union of the American forces Rawdon was compelled to retreat to Orangeburg, and later, despairing of success, he sailed for Europe.

Two weeks after her ride Emily Geiger returned home. General Greene presented her with a pair of earrings and a brooch that are still in existence, as is a beautiful silk shawl presented to her by General Lafayette on the occasion of his last visit to this country.—Youth's Companion.

Burglary Reported Next Day.

"Another policeman and myself made a peculiar mistake some time ago," said a patrolman at the Central police station recently.

"We were watching a vacant house in our precinct, as it had been reported that a gang of tramps were making their headquarters at the place. One night we decided to raid it and arrest some of the hoboes. We stealthily crept up to the place about midnight. There was not a light in the place. Going to the rear door, we pushed against it and forced it in. We were prepared for a rush, but were surprised to see the place full of furniture. Then it dawned on us that some one had moved into the house. We turned around and, jumping the rear fence, gained the street and commenced putting several rows of houses between the place and ourselves. The next day we received a report about burglars breaking into the house we had visited." —Cleveland Leader.

Some Queer Signs.

Speaking of queer signs, the Philadelphia Record says: "'Shoes half soaled while you weight' is a new one that may not be proper, but it is understood, as is 'Silver Filigrees.' 'Home maid mince pie' is the way a Tenth and Poplar streets restaurateur calculates to make mouths water. 'Sissers ground' is the business sign of a South Seventh street shopkeeper. It makes one hungry to read 'Hollibut fiaps for sale here' outside an eating place at Second and Callowhill streets. In 'Bread Grumms, 5c. a pound,' a Seventh street storekeeper, whose spoken language is evidently of Teutonic flavor, shows that he believes in spelling by sound. Even on a Chestnut street restaurant sign 'Frog leggs' are announced as among the delicacies to be had inside."

What Could He Say?

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I am going to turn over a new leaf."

"In what connection?"

"I'm going to quit being superstitious. I have always disliked to begin anything on Friday."

"Yes. It is very silly of you."

"Well, your arguments have convinced me. You know that new dress I was talking to you about?"

"Y-yes."

"Well, I'm going to start out and buy the material on Friday, just to show I'm not afraid."—Washington Star.

Pleasing Part of It.

"Gertrude is always talking about her lineage. Wonder what about her family tree?"

"Don't know so much about the tree, but the leaves amounted to a big fortune from her ancestors."—Denver News.

Plaint of the Lamb.

"I tell you it takes a good deal of pluck to succeed in Wall street."

"Yes; and you've got to have a good many to pluck."—Philadelphia Record.

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CATCHING A SHARK.

A FIERCE STRUGGLE WITH A NINE FOOT HAMMERHEAD.

Sport That Is Extremely Dangerous and Punctuated With Excitement From Start to Finish—A Monster With the Courage and Tenacity of a Bulldog.

After a somewhat extensive and varied experience with sharks on many shores, I believe for ugliness, hard fighting, pugnacity and utter indifference to the presence of human enemies the hammerhead shark stands pre-eminent. Personally I have never known one to kill a human being, though Mitchell records an instance in which a man's body was taken from one.

Shark fishing, I am aware, is not recognized as sport nor is the despised and dreaded animal considered game for the angler, yet I would say a word in its favor—at least this much, that he who hooks and takes ashore a hammerhead shark of nearly twice his own length has given battle to no mean foeman.

My experience with a nine foot hammerhead will illustrate this. I was fishing with a light rod one day, when my hooks began to disappear. There would be a slight tug, then the frayed, fishless line would come up. More than this, the fish had stopped biting, and I began to look around for the shark. About 90 feet from me two men were fishing in a boat, who had strung their fish on a line and thrown them overboard. All at once, as I looked, the big dorsal fin of a shark appeared so near the boat that the men could have touched it, and the animal continued swimming around them, always within reaching distance.

The shark was so persistent that I determined to take it, so rowed into the harbor to get a long shark line. When I returned to my boat, I found that the shark had followed the two men into the harbor. It was complacently moving about with its big dorsal fin protruding from the water surrounded by a fleet of 15 or more boats, whose occupants were shouting, firing rifles, striking with oars and boat hooks, all making a most extraordinary attack upon the hammerhead.

I saw at once that the shark would be driven out of the bay, so I pulled my boat out and presently found that the animal, followed by the fleet, was swimming along the edge of the kelp beds and gradually distancing them. Placing myself directly in its track, I waited, and when it was about 50 feet off threw out a seven pound white fish, fastened to the hook and to a float, so that it hung three feet from the surface. By manipulating the line I brought it directly in front of the shark, and presently saw its dorsal fin sink out of sight as it seized the bait. Then began the steady paying out, the peculiar thrill of the line known to shark fishermen.

My companion was an invalid, unable to afford me any assistance in the way of work, so I directed him to keep the boat, which was a small, flat bottomed skiff, weighing perhaps 150 pounds, stern to the fish, and then I began to haul in, to coil the rope behind me, looking out for the rushes.

The hammerhead took 10, 20 feet of line and was gradually increasing its speed, when I jerked the hook into it. Whiz! and I was almost pulled overboard. The next second the line, torn from my hand, went hissing over the rail, not away, but down as straight as a die. Two hundred feet went out before I could catch it, and then the jerk almost capsized the boat. The remaining 50 was taken from me in terrific jerks. As the end of the rope came I held it in a notch in the stern, as, if it had slipped out, it would have been the easiest matter for the fish to overturn the boat, which was a cranky affair at best.

The shark had gone directly down, and at every lunge it brought the broad, flat bottomed boat almost under. Had the line been in the bow instead of the stern, the hammerhead would certainly have hauled it under. Its savage lunges continued for 15 minutes or more, during which the boat was towed rapidly off shore, so that the boats which were following were outdistanced. When I finally took the line and gained a foot, we were a mile from where the shark was hooked.

The first attempt to haul the big creature in resulted in a renewal of the vigorous plunges, but I soon gained 10 or 12 feet and found that I could hold it, and from then on began the struggle of endurance. As I hauled in, taking the buffeting blows on my arms, giving and taking, my companion took the line from between my feet and coiled it. Time and again it rushed out with the greatest velocity, and the work would all have to be done over again, and so, hauling and being hauled, the fight went on for nearly an hour, and then, when almost exhausted, I caught sight of the shark's white belly 30 feet below, its ugly head with the hammerlike eye standing out in startling relief, and its big mouth half open, viciously biting at the hook. When it caught sight of the boat, it gathered strength and made a final break of 50 feet. But this was the last, and, making an effort in the nature of a spurt, I ran the monster in, and clapped the end of the chain over the edge of the stern, then laid back and held on while the shark endeavored, with great liftings and curves, to overturn the boat, failing in which it raised its powerful tail and drenched us with spray.

The shark was now lying lengthwise with the boat, facing the stern, and with about three feet of chain was swimming and towing us so rapidly out to sea that the still pursuing boats found it somewhat difficult to overtake us. Finally one threw us a rope, and then by an accident the shark took about 20 feet of line and now towed two boats. Another boat presently caught up with us, then another, and four were finally added to the procession before any material progress was made in the direction of shore, now a mile and a half distant.

The secret of controlling a large shark is to haul it short, and we soon had our hammerhead at the surface, and I held its head by the peculiar lobes while the retinue of boats slowly moved in. The shark never ceased its struggles, and when we finally reached the beach, and the line was tossed to 15 or 20 men, it made a terrific rush for liberty, hurling the water over the boat, but was quickly hauled, writhing and leaping, up over the pebbles. This shark was nine feet in length, not large for its kind, yet a vigorous fighter, with the courage of a bulldog and much of its tenacity of purpose.—New York Post.

Always.

The Foreigner—So a woman can travel alone all over this country, can she?

The Native—Yes. All she has to do is to put on a bicycle suit of sufficient insufficiency, and there will be plenty of men to look after her.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A MESSAGE OF INQUIRY.

How a Disagreeable Telegraph Operator Was Taught a Lesson.

A commercial traveler wanted to know if the train was late and ventured to ask the operator in the ticket office.

"Dawnaw," replied the gentleman of the keys, meaning probably, "I don't know."

"But I am told it is an hour and a half late," persisted the grip distender smilingly. "You surely could tell me if that is true?"

"Dawnawnothawnboutut," replied the knight of the sounding board, turning the back of his head to the questioner.

"But it is highly desirable that I should know," smiled the gatherer of orders still more pleasantly. "I can make three business calls in that hour and a half and still have 15 minutes' margin. Don't you think you had better find out for me? It will take you only a minute or two, you know."

"Finownoth," replied the lightning manipulator, probably meaning, "Find out nothing." And he began reading the advertisement columns of a daily paper, paying no more attention to the interlocutor.

"This is a commercial as well as a railroad telegraph office?" inquired our traveler in the blandest tones yet used during the conversation.

"Yuh," replied the operator, meaning 'Yes.'"

"A telegraph blank, please."

The unfinished document was half thrown at him. He leisurely wrote a message and handed it to the other, with the money to pay for it.

The operator commenced reading it, hitting the words one by one with his pencil to count them. Before he was half through he ceased hitting and looked startedly at the writer.

"Good sakes, man, I can't send this!" he exclaimed, giving this time each word its full sounds. "I'd lose my position!"

"And you'll lose it if you don't, I fear," replied his amiable tormentor sympathizingly. "You've no right to hold it back a minute."

The operator nervously read it over again. It ran:

"Superintendent Railroad: Will you kindly tell me how many minutes late is train No. ——? It is very important that I should know, and your operator here refuses to inform me."

"Look here, now," exclaimed the operator, ignoring his newspaper and everything else except the traveler, "I really wish you wouldn't insist on sending this. I think I must be somewhat in the wrong, and I—I beg your pardon. I can find out for you in two minutes."

"Yes, I thought perhaps you could," replied the other, returning the money to his pocket, and exploiting the sweetest smile of the day, in which he was joined by several bystanders, while the operator fairly exuded information.—Everywhere.

So Called Asthma In Cage Birds.

Canaries are troubled often with a wheezing in the chest, which, from its resemblance to what is known as asthma in human beings, is given the same name. It is not, however, asthma, but an affection of the lungs. The cause is not far to seek. Canaries can bear great extremes of heat and cold, delicately framed though they be, but they cannot stand sudden transitions from one to the other. When they are kept in a room where the temperature is very variable, perhaps close to a drafty window during the day, with hot, vitiated atmosphere from burning gas in the evening, and later on the other extreme of cold, we must not wonder if the lungs are affected.

It is therefore important that care should be taken to prevent such a state of things, and this is best done by hanging the cage below the middle bar of the window, or, what is better, standing it on the table some distance away, and then, when the gas is lighted, the cage can be covered over and put on the floor in one corner of the room, as the temperature will be much more equal there than higher up. If such a plan be adopted, the so called asthma will be prevented, but if it is found a little tincture of aconite is the best remedy—say, a drop to a teaspoonful of water divided into two doses.—New York Ledger.

Traveling In Spain.

It is said a woman cannot travel alone in Spain, but she can without danger, not, however, with comfort. If one travels anything but first class, the Spaniards think on "small potatoes." Not so in other continental countries, where, they say, "Only Americans and fools travel first class." The Spanish second class is on a par with third class in France. Third class is safe enough, but noisy, dirty and amusing. In southern Spain cigarette girls and their like frequent them.

On one occasion a party of cigarette girls and their swains filled a compartment, leaving only room enough for two Americans. From the moment the Americans began inadvertently a conversation in the home tongue one of the girls threw back her head and laughed with all the abandon of nature's own child. At every pause the Americans renewed the conversation, when a fresh and louder burst of laughter would be heard, so free, so wild, so contagious, the whole car was soon echoing her merriment. No doubt it was the first time she had ever heard a strange language.—Truth.

The Gender of the Moon.

In English, French, Italian, Latin and Greek the moon is feminine, but in all the Teutonic tongues the moon is masculine. Which of the twain is its true gender? We go back to the Sanskrit for an answer. Professor Max Muller rightly says ("On the Religions of India"): "It is no longer denied that for throwing light on some of the darkest problems that have to be solved by the student of language nothing is so useful as a critical study of Sanskrit." Here the word for the moon is mas, which is masculine. Mark how even what Hamlet calls "words, words, words," lend their weight and value to the adjustment of this great argument. The very moon is masculine, and, like Wordsworth's child, is "Father of the man."—"Moon Lore."

A Practical Girl.

"Edith," he said to his only daughter, "if you should learn that I was on the brink of financial ruin and might not have a penny to leave you, what would you do?"

"I'd break my engagement with the English lord and marry an American," she replied promptly, thus showing that she was a resourceful young woman, well versed in the ways of the world.—Chicago Post.

Cause For Thanks.

No. 9999—What, proved innocent after two years in prison, and you grant me no indemnity?

Judge—Neither do we charge you for board and clothes, my man.—Journal Amusant.

TYNDALL'S GYMNASTICS.

How the Great Scientist Kept Up His Reputation as an Athlete.

Some great men have a weakness for what one might call stage effects, and sometimes it is obvious that the effects have entailed careful preparation beforehand in order to bring them off. But I know of very few instances where great men have been caught at their preparations. However, at one of the meetings of the British association I heard a story told in this connection about the late Professor Tyndall which is well worth repeating. The scene of the story is laid in the lecture room of the Royal society on the morning of the day for one of the professor's lectures.

On the morning in question a certain Mr. B., who was engaged upon some chemical analysis, wanted to see Professor Tyndall about it, and, knowing that, as he was lecturing that evening, he would probably find the professor engaged in arranging his experiments for the evening, he went into the lecture room to look for him. Professor Tyndall was not preparing experiments when Mr. B. came in. He was engaged in vaulting on one hand backward and forward over the iron railing from behind which the lecturer delivers his lecture. Mr. B. was rather surprised, but supposed that Professor Tyndall, being very hard worked, was glad to take a little exercise whenever and in whatever way he could.

Mr. B. happened to attend the lecture that evening. In the course of the lecture Professor Tyndall was reading from a notebook, which he rested on the iron railing in front of him, when, apparently by accident, he let the book drop. Without a moment's hesitation the professor placed one hand on the railing, lightly vaulted over, picked up the book and then lightly vaulted back again. The audience greeted the performance with loud applause. Then Mr. B. understood that in the morning Professor Tyndall had been preparing to sustain the popular reputation as an athlete which he had acquired from his Alpine exploits and was not merely snatching what exercise he could get during a rare few minutes' leisure.—Today.

AFFECTED BY ILL HEALTH.

Diamonds Are Alive and if Worn by Some Persons Lose Brilliance.

Professor von Schroen of the Naples university declares that diamonds are alive. Be this as it may, there would appear to be many reasons for believing that some precious stones are affected by the health of the wearer. A contribution to an English weekly journal says: "Pearls and opals are both said to grow dull through the ill health of her by whom they are worn, and the turquoise is said to become pale from the same cause, while I have heard, and on excellent authority, though it is a fact I can hardly credit, of a ruby ring which on the hand of an invalid went paler and paler until on the patient's death the stones lost their color entirely.

"Pearls are extraordinarily sensitive to the condition of the skin on which they rest. An example of this fact is shown by an episode of which an acquaintance of my own was the heroine. She greatly desired to possess a pearl necklace, and her husband bought a very beautiful one. A month or two afterward, however, the pearls began to lose their luster, and, much annoyed, he took the necklace back to the jeweler who sold it to him.

"The salesman admitted the deterioration. 'You are quite right,' he said, 'but the truth is that your wife cannot wear pearls next her skin. Let her maid wear the necklace for a few weeks, and the pearls will regain their brilliancy.' The turquoise, again, will change color. I know of one which after having been worn for years turned a vivid green when its wearer was passing through the Red sea. Positively it was affected by the temperature of her skin. It is probable that the turquoise has a form of life, as pearls undoubtedly do. A pearl dies as actually as a flower, though its life is a great deal longer, and all its color and brilliancy disappear. Its average life is impossible to estimate, as some pearls are known to be hundreds of years old, but it is probable that the life of others is far shorter."—Medical Record.

The Reward of Haughtiness.

The other day a chemist was awakened about 1 o'clock in the morning by a lad clamoring at his shop door. Opening his bedroom window, he saw a small boy, who was gesticulating wildly.

"What's the matter?" inquired the chemist.

"I want a penn'orth o' camphorated chloroform for t' toothache," howled the lad.

The chemist was not overjoyed when he found how small the order was for which he had been so rudely awakened from his slumber, but, taking pity on the sufferer, he dressed himself and went down stairs to supply the much desired relief. While measuring the drug he could not help doing a growl at the lad.

"It's like your cheek," he observed, "to wake me up at this time of the night for a paltry penn'orth of chloroform."

"Oh, is it?" said the boy resentfully. "Then I'll tek ma custom somewheer else. Yer can keep yer chloroform. I wean't hev it neaw for yer blooming sauce."

And he didn't. He went off quite indignantly, nursing his jaw, to wake up another chemist.—Pearson's Weekly.

Salaries In the British Army.

The commander in chief of the British army receives a salary of £22,500, while the admiral, whose position is a similar one as regards the navy and who holds the post of first sea lord at the admiralty, draws in salary and allowances $11,330 and has the use of a house. The salaries of the officers next in rank at the war office—two generals, two lieutenant generals and eight major generals—total up to $108,500, while at the admiralty two vice admirals and four rear admirals receive yearly in salaries and allowances $47,595, an average of $8,626 in the case of each officer at the war office and $7,930 in that of each officer at the admiralty.—New York World.

A Boston Innocent.

Mrs Greene—They say that when the men go on fishing trips they take a lot of liquor along with them.

Mrs. Gray—I don't think that is so. I'm sure it is not so when my husband goes a fishing. I have overhauled his luggage when he got home on purpose to see, and I have never been able to find a drop of liquor in any of the bottles in his bag.—Boston Transcript.

The term of a prisoner in a Mexican penitentiary is divided into three periods. The first is occupied with penal labor, the second is labor in the training school with a little play. The third, "preparatory freedom," includes paid work and many privileges.

A BIRD FROM THE WEST.

We lingered over Ulster stern and wild.
I called: "Arise! Dost now remember me?"
One turned in the darkness murmuring,
"How loud upon the breakers sobs the sea!"

We rested over Connaught, white petrel, still.
"Awake, awake, [illegible] I'm here!"
One woke and shivered at the morning gray,
"The trees, I never heard them sigh so dear!"

We flew low over Munster. Long I wept.
"You used to love me. Love me once again!"
They spoke from out the shadows wondering,
"You'd think of tears, so bitter falls the rain."

Long over Leinster lingered we. "Goodby
My best beloved, goodby for evermore!"
Fledglings they tossed and whispered to the dawn,
"So sad a wind was never heard before."
—"The Fairy Changeling and Other Poems," by Dora Sigerson.

PEOPLE-IN-LAW.

They Are Necessary Evils That Follow In the Train of Marriage.

People-in-law are necessary evils. If people will marry, they must submit to the infliction of a number of new relatives. Sometimes this infliction is bitter, sometimes sweet, and sometimes it has very little taste, but generally it has a taste.

When a man and a woman join hands at the altar, they contract an alliance not only with each other, but, in an indirect way perhaps, with their respective families. Many do not attach much importance to this fact, but it is a fact nevertheless that no amount of sophistry can explain away.

A young woman has promised to marry the man who appears to her possessed of all the attributes that make up a manly man.

She has long ago made up her mind, however, that John's sisters are "loud" and his mother "impossible." She wonders how such people can have a son and brother like "dear John," and after marriage she intends keeping them at a distance.

The wedding day arrives, and she hears John's mother call her "daughter," but to her ears it does not imply much—is only one of the forms to be gone through on that happy day.

Then comes the honeymoon time, and for two whole weeks the bride has John all to herself. No thoughts of his relatives obtrude themselves on that blissful time.

When the couple return to town to take up their abode in the cozy home that "dear John" has prepared, Mrs. John finds herself greeted by her mother-in-law and sisters-in-law, as well as by her own mother and quiet schoolgirl sister. The two latter, however, are quite overshadowed by John's relatives, and Mrs. John resents the fact in her heart.

As the days go by she discovers that her people-in-law show no disposition entirely to relinquish John's society because he has married a wife. He is still the son and brother, although he has become a husband, and the first frown that she remembers to have seen on his brow is caused by a petulant remark of hers that she wishes his sister Flora would stop somewhere else than with them, while her own home is shut up during the temporary absence of the rest of the family.—Alan Cameron in Lippincott's.

Freeing a Captive.

When Charles II was reigning, he sent his wife, Katharine, to Oxford, and forbade her to return to St. James for a full year. The warden of Merton entertained the queen during her stay, and the rooms occupied by her in the quadrangle are still shown.

One day as the queen sat working by the open window a bullfinch flew into the room, and she caught it and held it until a cage could be made of hemp and rushes. Some weeks later as she was leaving the bird escaped and flew away. On her departure from the college gate her majesty said:

"Mr. Warden, in remembrance of my happy visit I pray you always liberate hereafter a wild bullfinch on this day."

So it is that on the 2d of June every year the warden comes into the quadrangle at 11 o'clock holding a little cage of hemp and rushes, in which a bullfinch is confined. The junior bursar, who has been awaiting his arrival, then advances, saying, "Mr. Warden, is this Queen Katharine's bird?"

"Aye," the warden replies, "this is Queen Katharine's bird."

The bursar then opens the cage and claps his hands until the bird flies away. During the rest of the year the cage is kept on a pedestal in the senior common room.—New York Tribune.

Believed In Flattery.

The atmosphere of a court was not agreeable to Mr. Gladstone. Lord Beaconsfield adapted himself to it with the ease and grace that come of studied care and natural fitness. In the last year of his life he said to Mr. Matthew Arnold in a strange burst of confidence which showed how completely he realized that his fall from power was final: "You have heard me accused of being a flatterer. It is true I am a flatterer. I have found it useful. Every one likes flattery, and when you come to royalty you should lay it on with a trowel."

As a courtier Lord Beaconsfield excelled. Once, sitting at a dinner by the Princess of Wales, he was trying to cut a hard dinner roll. The knife slipped and cut his finger, which the princess, with her natural grace, instantly wrapped up in a handkerchief. The old statesman gave a dramatic groan and exclaimed, "I asked for bread and they gave me a stone, but I had a princess to bind my wound."—New York Ledger.

A Safe Speculation.

Hicks—You know Stakem, the cashier of the Floating bank? Well, he made $100,000 in a corn broom deal in less than six weeks. That's what a man gets by having courage.

Wicks—It's all very well, seeing that he was successful, but suppose there had been a sudden drop in the market and wiped out Stakem's margins?

Hicks—He wouldn't have lost anything. He used the bank's money in his speculations.—Boston Transcript.

The Fault of a Woman's Watch.

Mrs. Hiborn—It seems to run very well for about a day and a half, and then it will not go at all.

Watchmaker—Yes; it should be wound occasionally.—Jewelers' Weekly.

The Highgate (England) magistrates fined the owner of a dog found unmuzzled 10 shillings, though they were informed the man was dead.

It is stated that there are 80,000 barmaids in England, whose hours average 14 daily for a wage of 10 shillings per week.

SHOULD HAVE BEEN A BOY.

A Pathetic Story From the "Recollections" of Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

A pathetic little story comes from the "Recollections" of Elizabeth Cady Stanton. She says that when her brother died she climbed upon her father's knee, wondering what could be said or done to fill the empty place in his heart.

"Oh, my daughter," he sighed, "I wish you were a boy!"

I threw my arms about his neck and said, "I will try to be all my brother was."

All that day and far into the night I pondered the problem of boyhood. I thought the chief thing to be done to equal boys was to be learned and courageous, so I decided to study Greek and learn to manage a horse.

As soon as I was dressed I hurried to our good pastor, the Rev. Simon Hosack, who was always early at work in his garden.

"Doctor," said I, "which do you like best, boys or girls?"

"Why, girls, to be sure! I wouldn't give you for all the boys in Christendom."

"My father," said I, "prefers boys. He wishes I were one, and I intend to be as like one as possible. I am going to ride on horseback and study Greek. Will you give me a Greek lesson now, doctor? I want to begin at once."

"Yes, child," he said, throwing down his hoe. "Come into my library, and we will begin without delay."

I kept up my lessons at the parsonage and made rapid progress. I surprised even my teacher, who thought me capable of doing anything. I learned to drive and to leap a fence and ditch on horseback. I taxed every power, hoping some day to hear my father say:

"Well, a girl is as good as a boy, after all."

But he never said it.

I began to study Latin, Greek and mathematics with a class of boys in the academy, many of whom were much older than I. Two prizes were offered in Greek. I strove for one and took the second.

"Now," said I, "my father will be satisfied with me."

I rushed breathless into his office, laid my prize, a new Greek Testament, on the table and exclaimed:

"There! I got it!"

He took up the book and asked me some questions. Then he kissed me on the forehead and exclaimed, with a sigh:

"Ah, you should have been a boy!"

No "Sights" Allowed.

One of the first things I did the morning after my arrival at Gibraltar, says Professor Simon Newcomb in The Atlantic, was to choose a convenient point on one of the stone parapets for "taking the sun," in order to test the running of my chronometer. I had some suspicion as to the result, but was willing to be amused. A sentinel speedily informed me that no sights were allowed to be taken on the fortification. I told him I was not taking sights on the fortification, but on the sun. But he was inexorable. The rule was that no sights of any sort could be taken without a permit. I soon learned from Mr. Sprague, the American consul, who the proper officer was to issue the permit, which I was assured would be granted without the slightest difficulty.

The consul presented me to the military governor of the place, General Sir Fenwick Williams of Kars. He was a man whom it was very interesting to meet. There was no need of troubling him with such a detail as that of a permit to take sights, but the consul ventured to relate my experience of the morning. He took the information in a way which showed that England in making him a general had lost a first class diplomatist. Instead of treating the matter seriously, he professed to be greatly amused and said it reminded him of the case of an old lady in Punch who had to pass a surveyor in the street behind a theodolite. "Please, sir, don't shoot till I get past," she begged.

Neander's "One Work."

Doctors when they send away a busy man for several weeks of rest, do not consider that to one accustomed to work an enforced rest is both irritating and depressing.

Neander, the famous church historian, had promised his physician on being ordered to Carlsbad to drink its famous waters that he would take no books with him except one work, which the doctor with reluctance allowed. On the morning of the historian's departure the doctor, wishing to say goodby to his patient, called at his door and saw a cart laden with heavy folios.

"But, dear professor," said the physician, with the emphasis of displeasure, "you promised me to take no books with you."

"Yes, doctor," replied the childlike professor, "but you allowed me one work, so I thought I might take the fathers with me to Carlsbad."

The "one work" included three or four score volumes.—Youth's Companion.

Delirium Tremens.

The familiar symptoms of delirium tremens, known as "snakes," have been made the subject of study with some interesting results. It appears that what have been supposed to be hallucinations have a certain sort of evidence in fact. Certain blood vessels in the eyes become congested and assume a dark color. These, when they appear on the retina, which is ordinarily transparent, suggest to the nervous and overwrought patient the presence of some moving, living creature. Imagination of course increases the nervousness, and finally the mind becomes so disordered that the form of an offensive creature is suggested. As these fancies grow by what they feed on, it is easy to see how creeping and crawling things may fill the soul of the victim with the most horrible sensations.—New York Ledger.

What Becomes of Them?

The announcement that 2,000,000 glass eyes are manufactured every year in Germany alone has set the London Lancet and other authorities speculating on what becomes of them all. Is it possible that there are 2,000,000 one eyed men in the civilized world, with the other eye made in Germany? And does the other eye only last a year? It is only one eyed men, as The Lancet reminds us, who use glass eyes. Nobody ever heard of a man who was totally blind indulging in this forlorn vanity. On reflection, however, The Lancet comes to the conclusion that glass eyes probably include eyes for stuffed beasts, eyes for waxworks and eyes for dolls, and no doubt this is the explanation.

Only One of a Kind.

"Why do you think he is such a remarkable man?"

"He's the only one I ever knew who had nerve enough to make the responses in the marriage service loud enough so that any one could hear him."—Chicago Post.

SHERMAN'S FAD.

How He Got the Reputation of "The Great American Beau."

"General, I never understood how it was you came to gain the reputation of 'The Great American Beau.' Won't you enlighten us?"

The question tickled him. The seamed face dissolved into wrinkles, and after laughing in his silent way for a minute or two he said:

"Well, now, you will be surprised when I tell you that that whole thing was the work of General Grant, but it's a fact. Just after the war closed Grant asked me to take a ride with him in Washington behind a horse he had just bought and of which he was very fond. As we spun down the avenue I said, 'See here, Grant, now that the piping times of peace have come we must choose a fad.'

"'What are you driving at, Sherman?' he asked.

"'I mean to say that if we don't fix upon something the public will do it for us, and it may not be pleasant.'

"'Well, it is pretty generally known that I am fond of horses. I suppose that will answer for me. What have you in mind?'

"I told him I had fixed upon nothing as yet, but would try to do so. Meanwhile I asked for his help. He said he would be glad to serve me.

"Now, what do you suppose Grant did?" asked Sherman, with pretended indignation. "Why, he made straight for the newspaper correspondents and told them that I had formed the resolution to devote the rest of my life to earning the name of a gallant for all the young ladies in the country. At the same time he intimated to the newspaper men that he would take it as a personal favor if they would do what they could to spread the news. It would doubtless be of assistance to me, and he was sure I would appreciate the kindness.

"Well, those correspondents didn't need any urging. The whole thing was heralded from one end of the country to the other, my first knowledge coming from the papers themselves. I saw through the whole thing, though Grant tried to play innocent. Ah, he was a sly wag, but," added Sherman, "I forgave him, and I find the work of trying to live up to the reputation he made for me the most delightful pursuit of my life."—Edward S. Ellis in Chautauquan.

Wales as a Mimic.

They tell a rather good story about his royal highness the Prince of Wales. One morning he was taking a walk in St. James park before breakfast when he found himself followed by a well dressed but crazy looking old woman. Having seen this woman before, and probably guessing what her object was, the prince resolved to take no notice of her, but continued his walk until obliged to turn homeward. The woman immediately stood before him and courtesied. The prince raised his hat and tried to pass on.

"I have a grievance, your royal highness," began the stranger, producing from her hand bag a roll of closely written parchment.

"Ach, madam, thees is not ze first time I have been taken for ze Prince of Wales!" was the reply in a gruff voice, with a strong German accent.

After flashing a glance of deepest scorn upon him, the old lady put away her precious documents, remarking, 'I have the honor to have known all the members of the royal family, and if my eyesight were not becoming bad nowadays I should not have made such an astonishing error as to take you for the prince." The Prince of Wales again took off his hat, smiled and proceeded on his way.

Irish Legal Wits.

The mots of the celebrated wits—Harry Deane Grady, Lysaght and Keller—of the Irish bar early in the present century are now in large measure forgotten. Some few are, however, on record. Harry Deane Grady, a leader of the Munster bar, voted in the Irish house of commons to support the union against the wishes of his constituents, one of whom remonstrated indignantly with him on his intended course of action. "What, do you mean to sell your country?" "Yes," was the cool reply, "and very happy I am to have a country to sell."

Ned Lysaght, a celebrated wit and poetaster of the period in very embarrassed circumstances, applied to Mr. La Touche, the well known banker, for a place in his establishment. "What situation, my dear Lysaght, could possibly suit you?" said his friend, who felt himself in a difficulty. "Not only one, but two," was the reply. "Pray what are they?" "If you will only, my dear La Touche, make me cashier for one day, I'll become runner the next."—London Law Notes.

Gladstone Nicknames.

A collection of the nicknames that were from time to time conferred upon Mr. Gladstone would be a fine dictionary of epithets alike of love and dislike. Besides such perennials as the Grand Old Man, "the G. O. M.," and the People's William, we recall the Franchise Bill, the Pope of England, St. William the Woodcutter, the Mahdi of Midlothian, the Old Parliamentary Hand, the People's Will, Mr. Merrypebble, the Ancient Senator, Yonart the Man, Hawarden Bill, Prime Billy, W. G., the Only William and the Old Gentleman. At one time his name was a favorite theme for Christmas charades, among which may be remembered the following elegant outburst of a Conservative wit: "I should be my first, if I could throw my second at my whole."

A Good Collector.

A Lewiston young man tells how he secured his place as collector for a large house in that city. He was working for $3 a week for an Auburn man and used to collect bills. He had a bill of $3.50 against a rich Lewiston man, and whenever he went to collect it the man never had the change. But he kept right after him till he worried the life nearly out of the man. One day the Lewistonian paid him and told him he never wanted to see him again and ordered him out with strong language.

A week later the same man sent him an offer of $16 a week to do collecting and assistant bookkeeping and added, "You're the best collector I know."—Kennebec Journal.

Shoved Back the Tide.

"Bletherin Bobbie, a Dumfarlin cairter," went down to Charlestown one day for a load of sand, but to his dismay found it was high water, and none could be got. After pouring out the vials of his wrath on the harbor water for allowing the tide to rise he went home with his empty cart. Coming back next day when it happened to be low water, he exclaimed:

"Aye, this is something like the thing. The best o' folk's nane the waur o' bein spoken to."—Dundee People's Journal.

CART TAIL FLOGGING.

This Peculiar Punishment Flourished In England Up to 1836.

Although flogging at the cart's tail is generally supposed to have ceased after 1827, various instances are on record up to 1836, when a man convicted of robbery from the person was slowly paraded through the principal street of Selkirk "with bare back and flogged at the cart's tail, to which one of his hands was lashed at either side. Two men armed with cats of nine tails laid on lustily, and were scolded by the bailie or crier for not hitting harder." The punishment was sometimes reduced to a farce when the administrating hand had been well "oiled" or belonged to a softhearted officer of justice, as in a case related by the poet Cowper, where the thief was the only one concerned who suffered nothing.

A youth had stolen some ironwork at Olney. "Being convicted," says Cowper, "he was ordered to be whipped, which operation he underwent at the cart's tail from the stone house to the high arch and back again. He seemed to show great fortitude, but it was all an imposition upon the public. The beadle who performed it had filled his left hand with red ocher, through which after every stroke he drew the lash of his whip, leaving the appearance of a wound upon the skin, but in reality not hurting him at all. This being perceived by Mr. Constable Henschcomb, who followed the beadle, he applied his cane, without any such management of precaution, to the shoulders of the too merciful executioner.

"The scene immediately became more interesting. The beadle could by no means be prevailed upon to strike hard, which provoked the constable to strike harder, and this double flogging continued till a lass of Silver End, pitying the pitiful beadle, thus suffering under the hands of the pitiless constable, joined the procession, and, placing herself immediately behind the latter, seized him by his capillary club, and, pulling him backward by the same, slapped his face with a most amazonian fury."—Gentleman's Magazine.

CRAZED WITH WEALTH.

Mad Days In Melbourne When the Gold Fever Was Raging.

Gold threatened to become as common as silver in the days of Solomon. In one year £12,600,000, in eight years £95,000,000, were won. Some men at Golden Point made as much as £400 each a day. Another exceptionally lucky party unearthed 34 pounds of gold in one day. No wonder that such "pockets" were termed "jewelers' shops!" Occasionally a nugget worth £10,000 was unearthed. The result, of this sudden influx of wealth, almost without labor and with risks which are infinitesimal as compared with Klondike, was the temporary demoralization of the population. Melbourne in the heights of the gold fever has been described by one who knew it well as "a fevered, drunken, delirious pandemonium." The lucky ones—and there were thousands of them—squandered their riches in the most reckless fashion.

Some of their fantastic tricks would scarcely be credited were they not attested by witnesses still living. The game of ninepins, we are told, was played with bottles of champagne, for which he who broke the least had to pay. Dozens of the same costly wine were emptied into tubs and drunk from tin pannikins, spirits and beer being added to give "body" to the beverage. One man, in imitation of Caligula, shod his horse with gold. Sandwiches made of banknotes were devoured. Silver wrapped up in bank notes was thrown to popular actresses instead of flowers—in fact, money was so plentiful that the reckless diggers could not "knock it down" fast enough. They thought they had only to dig a few feet in the earth to get plenty more, and for a time it almost seemed as if this were so. Such were some of the characteristics of Victoria's hot youth.—Pall Mall Magazine.

Majestic Webster.

Theodore Parker gave the following graphic description of Daniel Webster in the famous three hour sermon preached soon after his death:

He was a man of large mold, a great body and a great brain. He seemed made to last 100 years. Since Socrates there has seldom been a head so massively large, save the stormy features of Michael Angelo. Since Charlemagne I think there has not been such a grand figure in all Christendom.

A large man, decorous in dress, dignified in deportment, he walked as if he felt himself a king. The coal heavers and porters of London looked on him as one of the great forces of the globe. They recognized a native king. In the senate of the United States he looked an emperor in that council. Even the majestic Calhoun seemed common compared with him. Clay looked vulgar and Van Buren but a fox.

What a mouth he had! It was a lion's mouth, yet there was a sweet grandeur in the smile and a woman's softness when he would. What a brow it was! What eyes—like charcoal fires in the bottom of a deep, dark well! His face was rugged with volcanic fires—great passions and great thoughts, "The front of Jove himself; an eye like Mars, to threaten and command."

Nine Meals a Day.

Agricultural labor in Lucerne requires a great deal of eating, according to the Lucerne Vaterland. At 4 o'clock in the morning the laborer arises and puts away a glass of schnapps or of wine, with eggs and bacon; at 6 he has the first breakfast, milk and coffee, bread and butter, with something to go with it, sometimes soup; at 8 comes the znuni, bread, cheese and cider or coffee; at 10 a second znuni, cider and bread. Between 12 and 1 he eats his dinner, consisting of soup, two kinds of vegetables, meat, sometimes two kinds of it, cider and bread; at 3 he has milk and coffee, with bread and butter; at 5, what he calls z'funfe, "5 o'clock tea," of cider and bread; at 7½ supper, of coffee or soup, vegetables and usually meat. Between meals he puts away irregular refreshments that do not count, such as an occasional glass of beer or of schnapps or a cup of black coffee.

Just About.

Mr. Wise—Johnny, can you tell me why the little hand on my watch goes faster than the big one?

Johnny (after mature reflection)—Papa, ain't it just like why I have to run when I go walking with you?—Jewelers' Weekly.

It has been found in Switzerland that in building a railway laborers can work only one third as long at a height of [illegible] 000 feet as a mile lower.

Since 1874 the population of [illegible] has increased from 150,000 to [illegible], [illegible] mortality among children is [illegible]

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THE HERALD.

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For Portsmouth and Portsmouth's Interests

You want local news? Read the Herald. More local news than all other local dailies combined. Try it

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1901

Mrs. Maybrick can appreciate the definition of a fake, if she saw some of the papers of Monday morning.

The latest list of deaths among the soldiers in the Philippines gives evidence of the fact that battles are over there, except the battles with the ordinary diseases, which must be fought at home as well as in the far away islands.

New Hampshire has a law, passed at the present session of the legislature providing that no foreign corporation, association, club or similar organization can hold or hereafter acquire property in that state, for the purpose of hunting, fishing, sporting or recreation, without first becoming incorporated by the legislature, and all natural bodies of water having an area of fifteen acres or more to be held in trust by the state for public use, and no corporation or individual can exercise in any such body of water any rights or privileges not common to all the citizens of the state. This action of the New Hampshire legislature could be followed with advantage by the legislature of every state in which the forests and lakes are no small elements in the account of material prosperity—Biddeford Journal.

SENATOR GALLINGER ON ADVANTAGES OF PROTECTION.

The practical protection of protection, as enforced by the American people, was splendidly brought to the attention of the members of the Silk association of America at the anniversary banquet at Delmonico's in New York on Monday evening. Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire responded to the toast, "The congress of the United States in its relation to the silk industry of America. After referring to the fact that the mills and factories of Manchester, a city of less than 60,000 inhabitants, turned out last year goods which sold for $21,000,000, $6,500,000 being paid in wages, Senator Gallinger said.

"Do you wonder what is coming from such a state? I have in the halls of congress battled for the principle of protection. Under protection the woolen, cotton, steel, iron, tinplate, silk and all industries thrive, and without protection they would soon be but a memory—a monument to the folly of American statesmanship.

"I will venture to say that an important result of the active relation of congress to the silk industry in America has been a marked decline in the price of all silk goods to the American consumer. A second result of legislation on the silk industry is the extension of the industry to new localities and the ever increasing number of operatives employed in these mills and factories.

"The forty years since the adoption of the Merrill tariff law during the Civil war, which gave birth to the possibility of silk weaving on a scale of any commercial importance in this country, have witnessed an industrial revolution in the processes of its manufacture.

"A third result of tariff legislation is shown in the volume of revenue derived from imported silk goods. As revenue producers to the government silks stand third on the list, the classes ahead of it being sugar and woolens.

"Not only have American manufacturers largely supplied the home market, but the exportation of silk has actually begun. The work of this association has the good will of the American people, the American congress and the American executive."

HAD TO CONQUER OR DIE.

"I was just about gone," writes Mrs. Rosa Richardson, of Laurel Springs, N. C., "I had Consumption so bad that the best doctors said I could not live more than a month, but I began to use Dr. King's New Discovery and was wholly cured by seven bottles and am now stout and well." It's an unrivaled life-saver in Consumption, Pneumonia, La Grippe and Bronchitis; infallible for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Hay Fever, Croup or Whooping Cough. Guaranteed bottles 50c and $1.00. Trial bottles free at Globe Grocery Co.

ONE VOTE

FOR

Name .....

The Herald's Prize Contest

To the Two Most Popular Boys or Girls of Kittery, Maine.

When filled out send to VOTING DEPARTMENT, PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

VOTES STORED UP

Boys and Girls Saving Up Their Gatherings in the Herald Contest

The young folks of Kittery continue to gather up the votes as busily as ever, but are holding back from making any addition to their credit. The *Herald* is leading so in Kittery news that the paper is more of a favorite than ever in the town.

The list at noon today stood as follows:

Miss Sadie Bickford,	174
Edgar Emery,	147
Willie P Emery,	127
Walter Donnell,	120
Elroy A. Walker,	105
Willard E. Locke,	68
N. Ellery Emery,	34
Howard Remick	25
Minnie B. Eldredge	12
Miss Beatrice Goodwin,	10
Miss Cora Milliken,	9
Miss Mattie Williams,	9
Herman Boulter,	8
Myron Spinney,	5
Arthur S. Lane,	5
Ned Shapleigh,	3

Conditions.

All that is necessary to enter is for the boy or girl to fill out the ballot which will be found on page four of each issue and send them to the Voting Department of the Portsmouth *Herald*. There is no limit to the number of times that one can vote.

The Prizes.

To the boy or girl receiving the largest number of votes up to April 2nd at 8 p. m., will receive a modern 1901 bicycle.

To the one receiving the second largest number a gold watch and chain to be selected from one of the jewelry stores in Portsmouth. The prizes will be first class in every particular.

Let every boy and girl in Kittery enter the friendly contest and induce their friends to support them. The votes will be counted by a friend of each one of the participants and the gifts will be placed on exhibition in Kittery at an early date.

Sanitary Rules.

A broom is fit only for the removal of coarse dust or litter. In carpets of deep pile its penetrating bristles often carry in more dust than is brought out. If used to dislodge and scatter the particles of dust, the carpet should be promptly gone over with cloths that are slightly dampened to catch and hold the loosened particles.

The feather duster has no use in the cleaning process, except to dislodge from high places and unreachable walls and corners the dust, which must then be gathered and burned. Sanitary teachers insist even that dust cloths are not only to be thoroughly washed and rinsed in boiling water, but should be dried in the sunshine as often as possible.

In accordance with this principle, that the disinfecting properties of the sun are necessary for absolute cleanliness, is the claim made by some laundries that linen sent to them to be washed is sun dried.—New York Post.

Had Them Guessing.

Subeditor—How is Pennington on spelling anyway?

Editor—Well, he's a little too quaint for ordinary English and not quaint enough for dialect.—Somerville Journal.

KITTERY.

John Kauffman appeared before Justice Neal in the Kittery police court on Tuesday evening on the complaint of Conductor Doughty of the Portsmouth, Kittery and York railroad, who alleged that Kauffman assaulted him after the conductor had complained that the respondent was smoking on a late car on Jan 26th last. Justice Neal found that Mr Kauffman only pushed the conductor back during the argument, which was perhaps excusable; that no assault was technically committed and the respondent was discharged.

S. Peter Emery of this city appeared for the state and Edward H. Adams conducted the defense. The case will be placed before the grand jury at the next term of court which convenes at Alfred, in May.

The Hampton Beach club, which is composed of a number of the young married couples in the town, paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs Walter Leslie Fernald on Tuesday evening, and from the time the members arrived until midnight the visitors were well entertained and the recently married couple made to feel the esteem in which they are held. Mr. and Mrs. Fernald were remembered by a fine present and the event was one that will not be forgotten soon by those who attended.

Mr. Victor E. Amee, who has been acting as a spare conductor on the P K & Y. road, now has a regular run and on Tuesday evening was on the theatre car to the ferry.

A SCENE FROM W. A. BRADY'S PRODUCTION OF "WAY DOWN EAST"—SQUIRE BARTLETT ACCUSES ANNA MOORE

LOVE

Lives only in the present. Nature throws a glamor around youth and maiden, so that although they saw misery and marriage walking hand in hand in every home in the world they would fondly believe that they could marry and defy misery.

Young women should be taught to prepare for marriage. They should understand how to preserve their womanly health through the functional changes of maternity. Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the most effective medicine for the preservation of womanly health and the cure of womanly diseases. It regulates the periods, dries enfeebling drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It prepares the womanly organism for maternity and makes the birth hour practically painless.

"Favorite Prescription" contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, nor other narcotic.

"My wife was afflicted with uterine trouble for several years," writes Mr J. C. Day, of Little Britain, Lancaster Co., Pa., "and in November, 1898, the doctor said she had a miscarriage. He treated her for about two months or so, but there was but little improvement. I wrote you after she had commenced to take 'Favorite Prescription' and you told us to get 'Golden Medical Discovery' also. She took six or seven bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and two of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and got out of bed and was able to attend to her household work."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness.

The death of Robert F. Perkins, son of Mr and Mrs. John W Perkins, whose illness had been critical for the past few days, occurred at the home of his parents this morning, his age being twenty-one years, two months and eighteen days. For two years and a half past the young man has been a great sufferer. The beginning of his sickness was really during the visit of the White squadron in the harbor, two years ago last summer, when in rowing some friends around the fleet, he overtaxed his strength and from that time failed slowly, but surely. A hemorrhage that followed the over-exertion developed into slow consumption. The deceased was a young man of quiet and agreeable disposition and during his long sickness and suffering never made a word of complaint. In fact while his parents were at his bedside the evening before his death and while he was at death's door, he asked them to retire and get needed rest, telling them he would be all right during the night. During his sickness he was visited by Rev. Mr. Hall of the Christian church, who gave the failing young man words of religious comfort and helpfulness. He is survived by parents, two sisters, Mrs. Howard Spinney of Portsmouth and Miss May Perkins and one brother, Joseph Perkins. The family has the deep sympathy of the entire community.

Those who have to visit the P. K. & Y. waiting room and store of Mr. W. T. Spinney are very much pleased at the neat manner in which the premises are kept and are grateful to Mr. Spinney for the many favors received. The room is kept free from loafers, is well heated and lighted, and lady passengers appreciate the pleasant conditions under which they can wait for a car.

The readers of the *Herald* are able to tell the news to those who do not get the paper, but those who do not read the *Herald* in Kittery are very few.

Mr. William J. Kelley, the well known insurance man, has returned from a business trip in the West.

Miss May Brown has returned home from an extended visit to friends in Stratham, N H.

A child of Rev. and Mrs. E. C Hall is quite ill with the prevailing distemper

YORK.

A repetition of the concert and entertainment given by the York Music club at Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Davidson's residence last Thursday will occur Wednesday evening in the town hall at eight o'clock. Admission twenty-five cents; children fifteen cents. The following program has been arranged:

Vocal solo, Miss Moody
Vocal solo, Mrs. J. W. Simpson
Piano duet,
The Misses Varrell and Marshall
Vocal solo, Quillma Davidson
Vocal solo, Mrs. Hobson
Violin solo, Miss Brooks
Vocal duet,
Mrs. Hobson and Miss Varrell
Piano solo, Miss Thompson
Vocal solo, Miss Snow
Quartette, Mrs. Fellows, Messrs. Fellows, Keene and Marshall
Vocal solo, Miss Jenness
Selections from Mikado,
Mrs. Hobson, Miss Paul, Miss Snow
Vocal solo, Mr. Fellows
Italia, Chorus
Banjo quartette, Misses Jenness and Marshal, Messrs. McCollum, Davidson
Dream of Fair Women
Banjo selections, Miss Jenness
Farce, "In Search of a Domestic."

Mrs. Samuel Blaisdell is seriously ill

Mr. George O. Barrell, who has been confined to the house with pneumonia, is now improving.

Mr. Abe Thompson is critically ill with pneumonia.

Miss Phoebe Jenness of Malden is visiting her cousin, Samuel Kingman, at York beach.

Mr. Willis S. Fisher has returned to his home in Avon, Mass.

Principal Howard of the High school has returned to Farmington, Me.

Sleighing about town is now good

RULES THE COMMONS.

THE SPEAKER ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL ENGLISH OFFICIALS.

His Authority in the British Parliament and How It May Be Exerted. The Manner In Which He Is Elected—Taking the Chair.

The speaker of the house of commons is one of the most powerful personages of the British empire. For the latter is governed by parliament, representing the will of the people, and by ministers of state, representing the majority of votes in the national legislature, and it is the speaker who is the authority over parliament—that is to say, over the most important part thereof—namely, the house of commons. He can suspend a member, he can stop the prime minister on a point of procedure, he can close a debate, he can decide the most momentous constitutional questions by a few words spoken in private conference behind the chair, he can overrule the cabinet on points which may be vital to its policy and which may either enhance or discredit the authority in the house, and it is he alone who decides who is to speak and who is to remain silent. No secretary of state, not even the first lord of the treasury, who holds the title of "leader of the house," is able to speak in parliament without having obtained the permission of "the first commoner in the land" by means of the peculiar process known as "catching the speaker's eye."

There is no optic in the world that has played so important a part in history as the "eye" of the speaker. Its power and rights are not based on any written law, but on long established custom and tradition. Often several members rise in their places at once, endeavoring to arrest the wandering optic of the speaker, and it is then free to that august functionary to make his selection and to indicate the member who has his permission to speak. While he generally concedes priority to newcomers who are about to address the house for the first time, yet he is so impartial in the performance of this particular duty that, within the memory of the present generation at any rate, no speaker of the house of commons has been taxed with unfairness.

The manner in which the speaker is elected at the opening of a new parliament is as follows: On the day appointed by royal proclamation for the meeting of the newly elected legislature the members assemble in the house of commons, the speaker's chair remaining empty and the mace of office being under instead of on the table. A few minutes after 2 o'clock—that is the usual hour for the ceremony—the doorkeeper announces "Black Rod," and the latter, who is the principal executive official of the house of lords, enters and with a number of bows to the speaker's empty chair invites "this honorable house" to repair "to another place" to hear the reading of the royal commission by means of which parliament is opened. He then retires, bowing thrice, and is followed by the chief clerk of the house of commons, a queen's counsel, wearing the wig, the silk robes, the queer fashioned coat, black knee breeches and silk stockings of his office, and by most of the members of parliament, who take up their position at the bar of the house of lords and listen to the reading of the commission opening the new parliament. The royal commissioners, consisting of the lord high chancellor and four other peers, arrayed in the scarlet and ermine barred robes of their rank, are seated in a line on the woolsack in front of the throne. At the conclusion of the reading of the sovereign's message the commons flock back to the lower chamber. After they have taken their places the clerk of the house, sitting at the table below the speaker's empty chair, rises and silently points three fingers at the chief representative of the administration, known as the leader of the house. The latter thereupon rises and proposes the election to the speakership of some candidate whose name has usually been already agreed upon jointly by the leaders of the administration party and of the opposition, the chief of the latter, in accordance with time honored usage, seconding the nomination.

Seldom—certainly not within the memory of the present generation—has there been a full fledged contest for the office of speaker. For the government party, conscious of its numerical superiority, always endeavors to secure a candidate who will be acceptable to the minority, so that there may be no question as to the impartiality of the chair. It has often happened that the speaker, by the wish and consent of the party in power, has been selected from the ranks of the opposition. If there is no objection raised to the candidate thus nominated, the clerk of the house, after the lapse of two minutes as indicated by the sandglass on the table before him, arises from his seat at the table and, without uttering a word, points three fingers at the nominee. The latter then rises from his seat and, addressing the clerk of the house by name, expresses his appreciation of the honor conferred upon him, requesting that he may have the support of every member, "without which the speaker can do nothing, but having which there is little he cannot do."

As soon as he has concluded his little address the leader of the government smiles across the body of the house to the leader of the opposition, whereupon both arise from their places and conduct the speaker elect to the speaker's chair. Standing before the latter under its canopy and facing the chair, he beckons to the sergeant-at-arms, who, taking the mace of office from beneath the table, places it on the latter, the members on both sides of the house having risen to their feet. As soon as the mace has been placed on the table the speaker, no longer "elect," but duly inducted, gives a signal to the members to reseat themselves. Then the leader of the government party delivers a brief speech of congratulation, in response to which the speaker "unreservedly places himself in the hands of the house." Then as people are just beginning to wonder what will happen next the speaker rises again and in his official voice—a distinctly different and more authoritative organ than that employed during the earlier proceedings—exclaims, "The question is that this house will now adjourn." No objection being taken, the speaker leaves the chair, and when he next resumes it does so no longer in plain street dress, but arrayed in the robes and full bottomed wig of his office.—New York Tribune.

An All Pervading Growler.

Mrs. Wiggles—Does your husband have a "den?"

Mrs. Waggles—No; he roams all over the house.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.

WHEN AND WHERE THEY MEET.

A Guide for Visitors and Members.

OAK CASTLE, NO. 4, K. G. E.

Meets at Hall, Peirce Block, High St., Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month.

Officers—Charles E Oliver, P. C.; Willis B. Mathes, N. C.; Robert M. Herrick, V. C.; Frank E. Abbott, H. P.; William H. Hempshire, V. H.; Fred Gardner, K. of E.; Charles W. Hanscom, C. of E.; Samuel R. Gardner, M. of R.; George P. Knight, S. H.

PORTSMOUTH LODGE, NO. 97, B. P. O. E.

Meets at Hall, Daniel St., Second and Fourth Tuesdays of each month, except Second Tuesday of June, July and August, and Fourth Tuesday of September.

Officers—True W. Priest, E. R., H. E. Dow, T.; I. R. Davis, S.

PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, NO. 3, O. U. A.

Meets at Hall, Franklin Block, First and Third Thursday of each Month.

Officers—Edward Voudy, C.; George D. Richardson, V. C.; Fred Jocelyn, S. Ex.; Arthur Woodsum, J. Ex.; Frank Pike, R. S.; Frank Langley, F. S.; J. W. Marden, T.; Frank Walsh Ind.; Jas Harrold, Sian.; Joseph Walch, I. P. Wm. P Gardner, O. P.

SECOND LODGE, NO. 43, I. O. O. F.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Officers—George W. French, N. G. A. G. Stimpson, V. G.; Howard Anderson, Sec; Edwin B. Prime, Treas. Albert C. Plumer, Fin. Sec.

The Degree Flag will be displayed when degrees are to be conferred. Watch for it! All brother Odd Fellows not members of the Lodge are cordially invited to attend the Lodge meetings and are assured a cordial greeting.

COPPER IS KING

A SAFE INVESTMENT AND A SURE FORTUNE

can be made buying Copper Shares now at the present price of 15 cts. per share. You can realize at least

$100 FOR EVERY $10 YOU INVEST

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$15 BUYS 100 SHARES — $50 BUYS 350 SHARES
$35 BUYS 170 SHARES — $100 BUYS 800 SHARES

We are so confident that stock will go at par that we guarantee that after twelve months from date you cannot buy a share of this stock from the Copper Cliff Mining Co. for less than its par value, $1 per share

Copper shares have made investors many fortunes the past year. In 1899 a servant in the family of Prof. Agassis asked him to invest $250 for her. He invested it in 50 shares of copper stocks. The compound interest and dividends added to the present market value amount to $850,000. Grasp this opportunity and do likewise, you cannot lose. Get rich. Buy a few shares before they advance. Send money by draft, express, registered letter or post office order for as many shares as you wish, to

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AND TURFING DONE.

WITH increased facilities the subscriber is again prepared to take charge and keep in order such lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as may be intrusted to his care. He will also give careful attention to the turfing and grading of them, also to the cleaning of monuments and headstones, and the removal of bodies. In addition to work at the cemeteries he will do turfing and grading in the city at short notice.

Cemetery lots for sale, also Loam and Turf.

Orders left at his residence, corner of Richards avenue and South street, or by mail, or left with Oliver W. Ham (successor to S. S. Fletcher) Market street, will receive prompt attention.

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We are pleased to send our daily Market Letters and Quotation Records FREE upon mailed or personal application, as we believe designate the stocks which, in our judgment, will be most active from now on. Correspondence on general financial matters promptly answered.

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OF PORTSMOUTH N. H.,

have just completed a new system for bottling the

-OLD INDIA-
-PALE ALE-

Directions:—One small glass full four times a day, but never during and going to bed.

It is bright and sparkling and has a nice creamy taste, and is prescribed by the doctors generally as a sedative for nervous people. There are but few medicines equal to this ale. Many people who are wakeful find that a glass taken at night secures them a continuing and refreshing sleep. As a tonic for ladies and invalids it has no equal.

It is a food as well as a medicine. It is bottled by the Newfields Bottling Co. only.

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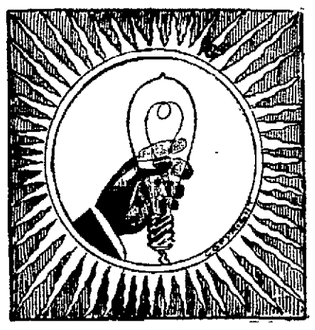

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Many useful articles will be found on the 5c and 10c Counters.

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39 to 45 Market Street.

LUXURIOUS DYING FOR $15.

An Incident of the Italian Colony In New York.

The Italian colony of New York supplies this anecdote to a paper in The Century, entitled "Humor and Pathos of the Savings Bank:"

An old Italian street vender, a consumptive, feeling that his end was drawing near, prepared a scheme for ending his days in comfort. Observe the originality and delicacy of the scheme that he successfully worked on Little Italy. He had only $75 in the bank, and of this he drew $70 and redeposited it in a few days. He drew it again and again redeposited it, continuing the operation at brief intervals until on the credit side of his passbook he had entries of all these various sums footing up $800 and on the opposite page drafts to the amount of about $785—balance $15. After carefully cutting out the page showing the amounts drawn and leaving the long line of deposits he took to his bed and called in his friends. He was dying. They could see that, the old man told them. They were good fellows, and he loved them all, and he wished Pedro, the banana peddler, and good Giovanni, the bootblack, and Arturo, the wine seller, to know how affectionately he regarded them. What he had to leave them was not much. Would Edgardo, good old Edgardo, kindly find between the mattress and what used to be the springs his bankbook? Yes; that was it. Take it to the window and tell him how much was there. Eight hundred? Ah, well, thanks to God that it was so much; but, oh, that it were more for such good fellows as they!

Dottore Bartollo had told him that he might live three months, till spring; would his good friends put back his book under the mattress, and when he was gone—no, they mustn't cry—would they take it up to the bank, draw the amount and divide it between them? Meanwhile, as his loving friends of the present, his heirs in the future, would they kindly attend to his little wants?

Would they? Did they? That old fellow was fed on the fat of the land while he lay there in bed. He drank more Chianti in a week than he had swallowed in five years. It was even hinted by some that Arturo, the wine seller, was hastening the end by the vile Chianti that he constantly produced from his stock, while the pushcart man was so generous of unripe bananas for the sickroom that there was a division of opinion in Mulberry street as to whether he was cheering his friend's finale with fruit or endeavoring to complicate consumption with other ills.

At last he swallowed his last flagon of Chianti, and though Little Italy made a decent pretense of sorrow, it was really en fete—at last the $800 was to be drawn! I was in the bank when the principals, in their holiday clothes and with a few chosen friends, arrived. They stated the case and asked for the amount, from which the pushcart man was to receive some $40 for fruit, the wine seller $100 and the others various sums invested for the invalid and his funeral, leaving some $350 as the "dividend." I need not describe the small sized riot that followed when the abstraction of the pages from one side of the book was explained to the swearing mourners and a tender was made to them of the $15, all that the deceased had in bank.

The Almanac Maker.

It is related of Partridge, a celebrated almanac maker, that he once received a rude rebuff, administered unwittingly by a hostler to whom he applied for information. While on a journey the old time almanac maker put up at an inn for refreshments. On setting out again he was advised by the rustic to tarry awhile, inasmuch as rain was certain. Partridge laughed to scorn the unlettered hostler. Yet the prediction proved faultless, and Partridge, intent on obtaining a weather wrinkle for future editions of his almanac, hastened back to interrogate the apparently weatherwise yokel. Having received a crown, the latter freely explained his modus operandi.

"Sir, we have a Partridge's Almanac, and the fellow is such a notorious liar that whenever he promises us a fine day we know it will be the contrary. To-day is put down as settled, fine weather, and this is the reason I urged you not to set out."

An old Danish proverb might aptly have compelled assent from the startled seer, "The almanac maker makes the almanac, but God makes the weather."—Gentleman's Magazine.

Yes, He Knew the Time.

One cold, gusty December evening a man was struggling along against the wind, his overcoat buttoned to the neck. He was rather anxious to know what time it was, but he was too lazy to unbutton his coat in order to get at his watch.

Just then he saw a gentleman in the distance. When he came up, the man who wanted to know the time raised his hat politely and inquired, "Sir, do you know what time it is?"

The stranger paused, removed his right glove, unbuttoned his overcoat and finally pulled out his watch, while the cold wind beat against his unprotected breast. Holding up the watch so that the light of an adjacent lamp would shine on it, he scrutinized it for an instant and said, Yes," and then passed on without another word.—Tit-Bits.

Armour's Cure For Tardiness.

Philip D. Armour wanted every man at the office when business opened, and it is told in this connection that he once had a valuable employee who, in spite of everything, would be from 10 to 15 minutes late every now and then. His excuse always was that he had been "bridged." One day Mr. Armour handed him a list of three houses on the South Side and asked him that he and his wife pick one of them. He did so, not knowing what it all meant.

"I will give you a deed of that house," Mr. Armour said to him, "and I never want to hear of your being 'bridged' again." It is related that the man never was.—Chicago Tribune.

Unkind.

"I have decided to be a hospital nurse," said Amy. "I saw it stated that 75 per cent of unmarried men fall in love and propose marriage to the women that nurse them through severe illnesses."

"I saw that statement, too," added Mabel, "but my recollection is that it said pretty nurses."—Detroit Free Press.

Roomers Too.

Mrs. Gallagher—Rumors fly, don't they, Missis Flannigan?

Mrs. Flannigan—Indade they do; awnly this week wan left me widout payin his riat.—Ohio State Journal.

THE LUCKY BARGAIN.

I have a friend, without whose face
(God keep his face from sorrow free!)
The world would be a dreary place
For weary me.

To please him is my chief delight;
I'd rather die than give him pain,
Yet this I've done in my despite
And shall again.

My friend is kind when I am cross
Nor ever cross when I am kind;
He rules the sullen waves that toss
My toiling mind.

His gracious spirit gives me joy;
What can I give him for his grace?
A little, useless, battered toy
Of time and space.

A box of prayers with broken wings,
Of shapeless hopes and wasted hours,
Of half a hundred worn out things
And faded flowers,

Wherein one blossom lives and makes
A light, whereat his lips will part
And smile for kindness as he takes
The proffered heart.

—N. S. in Speciator.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

An Incident He Always Remembers When He Has a Wakeful Night.

"Looking one night," said the retired burglar, "from a dark hall into a dimly lighted room whose door was ajar I saw in bed a woman and a child asleep. I'm no judge of children's ages and never was, but I should say from what I could see of that child's face and of its form under the bedclothes that it was 2 years old, maybe 3. It was sleeping on the side of the bed toward the front.

"Asleep on the floor in front of the bed on a snug little mattress was another child of about the same age as the one in bed or thereabout, brought in there temporarily apparently for some reason or other that I didn't try to figure out, that being no part of my business, but this one on the floor was so placed because there wasn't room for both children in the bed.

"As I stood there looking at them the child in the bed began to get restless, and in a minute it rolled out or twisted itself out somehow from under the bedclothes—this was in summer, and the covering over it wasn't heavy—and rolled square up to the edge of the bed. It lay still there for a minute and then rolled back a little, and I felt easier, but the next minute it rolled forward again clean to the edge and rolled over it a little farther and hung there on the edge a minute—I believe if it had hung there a second longer I'd ha' run to stop it—and then over it went.

"And I thought sure it was going to fall slam on to the little one on the mattress on the floor and just knock the breath out of that one, but it didn't do either; it fell on the mattress alongside of that one and never woke that one up and never woke up itself. Well, I thought that beat everything I ever saw in the way of folks falling out of bed, but there was more to come.

"The one that fell out kept right on sleeping, and it was very still for a minute or so, and then it began to get restless again and rolled over on the mattress and edged the child on the mattress clean off on to the floor, but even then that one didn't wake up either. It kept right on sleeping, too, on the floor, and the one that had fallen out of bed and edged this one off the mattress now stretched out on the mattress perfectly easy and settled into a quiet, gentle sleep.

"But before this the mother had woke up—I didn't know how she'd missed the one in bed, but she had somehow—and she turned up the light a little and surveyed that scene on the floor and understood it right away. And she didn't disturb the one that had fallen out; that was now sleeping peacefully on the soft mattress, but she picked up the one that had been rolled off on to the hard floor and put that one in bed. So now the children had just changed places, and in a minute or two they were all settled down again, peaceful and quiet as before.

"I never was troubled with insomnia much myself, but whenever I do have a wakeful night I always think of those blessed children that could go to bed and go to sleep and roll out of bed without ever waking up."—New York Sun.

Clergymen Collect Their Own Dues.

An extraordinary survival from the primitive tradition of the clergy openly collecting their own dues in kind from the people may now be seen in full swing in the rural districts of upper Savoy, in Switzerland. Every year about the middle of October clergymen, attended by youths bearing sacks and baskets, go from village to village, receiving the contributions of their parishioners. No sort of consumable commodity comes amiss, though money is most favored, and every evening the sack or basket goes back heavily loaded. These contributions are a popular test of respectability, and many a housewife has been known to borrow the whole amount of her offering to the parochial incumbent.—London Express.

Straightening Things Out.

Fortune Teller (examining Teacaddy's hand)—It's no use pretending you will live to be an old man. Your line of life shows you will die before you are 40. You will be very successful, etc. (Prates glibly for five minutes.) And now as to wedding. You will get married in your thirty-fifth year and have 15 children.

Teacaddy—How the deuce can that happen? You said just now I should not live to be 40.

Fortune Teller (seeing he has put his foot in it)—Ah, yes, so I did, and—ahem—it's very true. You see—ahem—the fact is—ahem—that you will—um, um, ahem—will marry a widow with 13!—Pick-Me-Up.

Correct, If Not Grammatical.

Johnny—Pa, Aunt Hannah says boils are healthy. Shouldn't she say "healthful?"

Wise Father—Well, your aunt didn't mean to be grammatical, but I guess she was this time. It is the boil that is healthy, not the fellow who carries it around.—Boston Transcript.

Annoyingly Precise.

"Imitation," remarked the wise man, "is the sincerest flattery."

"Indeed," answered the cold blooded iconoclast. "I wasn't aware that any flattery could be 'sincere.' James, pass the dictionary."—Washington Star.

An exchange says: "No man ever amounted to much who waited to follow the crowd." That depends upon what the crowd intended to do.—St. Louis Star.

If you associate with devils during your waking hours you need not expect angels to visit you in your dreams.—Chicago News.

DIPLOMACY IN THE RESTAURANT.

One Way of Getting Rid of an Undesirable Guest Without a Fuss.

"I know now why one Tenderloin restaurant keeper is successful," remarked a Wall street broker the other day. "I was in the main dining room at 6 o'clock one evening with a party of men. We noticed a little commotion near the entrance and saw that it was caused by the arrival of a well dressed, good natured looking man whose bearing showed that he had been out with the boys. He wasn't noisy or offensive, but he couldn't have walked a chalk line if his life had depended on it.

"He came down the room in an uncertain way, shelled off his overcoat, put it with his hat on a chair, sat down, folded his arms on the table and went to sleep. The waiters looked at him and ran after the head waiter. The latter walked up to the sleeping man as though he intended to awaken him. Then he stopped and called a waiter.

"'Go for the proprietor,' he said.

"The proprietor came.

"That's So-and-so,' said the head waiter. 'He's a good customer, but he's very drunk, and he's gone fast asleep. What shall I do? Shall I wake him up?'

"'We mustn't offend him,' said the proprietor. 'I'll tell you what to do.' Then he whispered to the head waiter and went away. The head waiter called a waiter and in turn whispered to him. Then he went away.

"The waiter went to the china pantry and came back with a finger bowl. This he put on the table where the sleeping man was. In doing so he rubbed the fingers of the sleeper. The man straightened up and opened his eyes. The boy was not looking at him, but had picked up the water bottle and was filling the finger bowl. In doing so he knocked the bowl with the bottle so that it rang like a bell.

"The drunken man looked at it with brightening eyes. The boy paid no attention to him, but shook out a napkin, which he laid beside the finger bowl. By this time the drunken man was fully awake. The boy took up his overcoat and stood respectfully at one side, as if waiting for the man to rise.

"The drunken man put his hands in the finger bowl, dried his fingers on the napkin and rose. The boy was behind him in a moment, and in another the overcoat was on the man's back, his hat was in his hand and he was headed for the door. He put his hand into his pocket, slipped a coin to the boy and walked out.

"Now, that restaurant keeper is a great man. He's a diplomat. No trouble, no noise, no row, every one satisfied and happy. That fellow ought to be an embassador. He'd make a success of anything."—New York Sun.

CHANCE FRIENDS.

The Possibilities of Congenial Companionship In Strangers.

It makes one homesick in this world to think that there are so many rare people he can never know, and so many excellent people that scarcely any one will know, in fact. One discovers a friend by chance and cannot but feel regret that 20 or 30 years of life, maybe, have been spent without the least knowledge of him. When he is once known, through him opening is made into another little world, into a circle of culture and loving hearts and enthusiasm in a dozen congenial pursuits, and prejudices, perhaps. How instantly and easily the bachelor doubles his world when he marries and enters into unknown fellowship of the to him continually increasing company, which is known in popular language as "all his wife's relations."

Near at hand daily, no doubt, are those worth knowing intimately, if one had the time and the opportunity. And when one travels he sees what a vast material there is for society and friendship, of which he can never avail himself. Carload after carload of summer travel goes by one at any railway station, out of which he is sure he could choose a score of lifelong friends if the conductor would introduce him. There are faces of refinement, of quick wit, of sympathetic kindness—interesting people, traveled people, entertaining people, as you would say in Boston; "nice people you would admire to know," whom you constantly meet and pass without a sign of recognition, many of whom are no doubt your long lost brothers and sisters. You can see that they also have their worlds and their interests, and they probably know a great many "nice" people.

The matter of personal liking and attachment is a good deal due to the mere fortune of association. More fast friendships and pleasant acquaintanceships are formed on the Atlantic steamships between those who would have been only indifferent acquaintances elsewhere than one would think possible on a voyage which naturally makes one as selfish as he is indifferent to his personal appearance.—"Backlog Studies," by Charles Dudley Warner.

Stratton's Spirit Dealings.

A quaint custom is annually observed at Stratton on St. Andrew's day (old style). At a very early hour a number of youths pass through the different parts of the town to the accompaniment of the blowing of a remarkably unmelodious horn, the fearful strumming of tin pans, etc., driving out presumably any evil spirits which haunt the place—greed, fraud, drunkenness, gluttony and their companions. The hand bell ringers follow, gently inviting more acceptable spirits—content, fair play, temperance, chastity and others. After a suitable pause the church bells ring out in peals of eight a hearty welcome to these latter.—Western News.

Value of Sunshine.

One of Florence Nightingale's most beneficent observations in her famous war hospital experience was that a free sweep and admission of sunlight for a sickroom are absolutely essential to the welfare of the invalid. Houses and hospitals, she thinks, should have their windows to the east and west, with gable ends north and south. Sometimes the convalescents in the sunless wards of hospitals cannot be fully restored to health until after removal to sunny rooms.

Easy to Answer.

"Josiah," said Mrs. Chugwater, "when one of the big battleships runs aground, how do they get her off?"

"They pull it off with a tug of war," answered Mr. Chugwater. "I should think you'd know enough to know that."—Chicago Tribune.

Some men are unable to see through a millstone after they have been shown the hole.—Chicago News.

The first indication of domestic happiness is the love of one's home.

HEARD AT RANDOM.

"Upper Market street is not what it used to be," said a well known merchant, as we walked down town together the other morning. "Why, I can remember," continued he, "when it was one of the busiest sections of the city. That was before the building of the P. K. & Y. Now all is changed. Before the electrics came, all the Kittery, Kittery Point and York people came into town via Portsmouth bridge and did a large percentage of their trading at the north end. Now they come over the ferry and it is seldom one of them is seen as far up Market street as the foot of Deer street. They do their trading in the immediate vicinity of Market square. About the only people who spend their money at the north end nowadays are Eliot people who still come down the river in small boats to do their trading."

People at the south end who own pet dogs and cats now see to it that the animals are safe in the house or shed, when darkness falls. The poisoner is again at work in that section and several families are mourning the loss of their pets, as a result of his procedure One man whose valuable dog came to his death in this manner is so angry that if the poisoner falls into his clutches, the newspapers of the city are very likely to get a good story and the courts a lively case.

One of the smart young ladies connected with the Court street Christian parish tells me that they are to have another of their famous turkey suppers in the vestry on the evening of Wednesday, February 20th. If a storm should prevent it, then it will be held on the next evening. The success of this society in catering to the public in the past is a guarantee, I am certain, that this occasion will equal any other given by it.

Where, O where has our red banana gone? Does anybody know? Once was the time when lovers of all that is delicious in fruitdom could gather in a few of these at any fruit stand. Later on one had to resort to the select stores. Now neither love nor money seems able to land a solitary red Instead, we have to put up with the second rate substitute, the yellow fellow. Is there no remedy? Surely the red banana hasn't ceased to grow.

A new weather prophet has bobbed up. His name is Charles Erebus Lessor (stately enough to belong to an ambassador or a bank president) and he was born in Waterville, Me., thirty four years ago. He claims to be the champion weather forecaster in the whole world and says he can make accurate predictions for any term from a week to a year. He wants to bet on it, too. "Weather predicting is a gift," says Mr. Lessor. "It is not done by watching the atmospheric conditions." Here is a list of the storms that he says are coming in the rest of this month of February. Take note of them and plan your outings accordingly: A light snow storm will come on the 14th or 15th, which will be followed by fair weather until Feb. 17th. For the next two days there will be rain or snow. On the 19th there will be clear weather, followed on the 22d with a light storm. A very heavy rain or snow storm, accompanied by very high winds, is due between the 24th and 26th.

The members of the Maplewood club have decided upon extensive improvements in their quarters. The work will not be done this winter, but next fall. The plans provide for a tile floor in the reception room, new apparatus for the gym, steam heat and electric lights. It is also probable that billiard and pool tables will be put in.

Col. Albert D. Shaw, formerly commander-in-chief of the National G. A. R., whose death has occurred in Washington, had quite a number of personal friends in Portsmouth and this vicinity. He was an honored guest at the New Hampshire encampment in Concord last April, where some of the veterans from this city became pretty well acquainted with him. He made an excellent impression upon all who met him there.

There are many forms of absent-mindedness, but here is one that I believe is about as peculiar as any of them: There is a young man in this city who recently got married. A few days before the ceremony, a friend stopped him on Congress street and asked him the date of the nuptials. He took from his pocket a diary, scanned its pages for an instant and then gave the date. He had written the word "married" under it, so that he might be sure and remember it.

If Congressman Sulloway's ambition for re election to the next national house of representatives be realized, he will enjoy the honor in this state of having served five consecutive terms in the house—an honor that has not yet been granted to any New Hampshire legislator. He is now closing his third term. A Portsmouth man who has been Mr Sulloway's staunch supporter for many years told me on Tuesday that the tall congressman would surely be re elected.

The members of this year's class (Miss Alice J. Newton's) of the sixth grade in the Farragut school have saved enough money, from the sale of old papers, rubbers and other rubbish, with which to purchase a very attractive plaster cast of Della Robbins' "Singing Boys," to adorn the walls of the school room. The cast was selected at the suggestion of Mrs. Bedlow. It will beautify the room in no small degree.

The local horsemen are talking up an oat race, to be pulled off soon, if there is sleighing enough to warrant it. This would bring together the fastest horses in town and the liveliest brushes of the winter would be expected. Hett's Reginald and Harry Beacham's trotter seem to be showing the best speed this season, on the Marginal road speedway; but there are others that feel certain they can press the bunch pretty hard.

Now they've originated a drink to perpetuate the name of Mrs. Nation. It is called the "Carrie Nation," and a few drinks of it are liable to send you running amuck through the town, chopping at everybody you meet with an ax. In the mixture that the bartender uses to form it is something to make it sweet, something else to make it sour, a dash of cordial to make it hot and a squirt of another ingredient to make it cold. One drink causes a man to wonder how he ever got along without it; another, and he imagines the sidewalks are paved with gold and it all belongs to him; a third, and he comes out of it to hear his honor say, "A year in jail for malicious destruction of property." This is what they tell us.

Several of the Portsmouth attorneys attended the opening of the Strafford county supreme court in Dover on Tuesday, among them being Messrs John H. Bartlett, J. S. H. Frink, E. L. Guptill and Thomas H. Simes. Mr. Frink, the senior member of the party, was just out of doors after being housed for some time wite quite a severe attack of the grippe. Contrary to reports in the papers that the session would be long and interesting, it is said that it will be a light term.

In the report of the hearing before the committee on railroads of the New Hampshire legislature, it was made to appear that Mr. Lovell promised to lay out and maintain the road along Seabrook beach, which it is intendad to use for the tracks of the electric road. It has since been said, however, by some who were in attendance at the hearing that he did not promise anything of the kind, but said that he should expect the town to put the roadway in shape and maintain it. As it is at present, the road is little better than the marsh over which it runs.

I was sitting at a table in a local restaurant the other evening, admiring myself in the 6x4 bevel mirror, and occasionally catching a sniff of the sirloin steak cooking for me on the griddle, when the door was pushed open and in rushed a large-framed woman with one hand hid in the folds of a long cape, evidently concealing something. The gent in the white jacket, behind the country, who says, "What's yours?" gave one look at the unexpected visitor, gasped, and through his clenched teeth hissed, "Mrs. Nation." Then the visitor suddenly became all animation. Throwing aside her heavy cape, a large hatchet was brought into view. Swinging it about her head, much after the fashion of the man at the circus hitting the striking machine, she imbedded it to the head in the polished counter. A gasp drew my attention to the back part of the room and there I saw the livid features of the proprietor. Visions of a horrible carnage floated before my eyes and cold sweat broke out on my forehead in anticipation. Suddenly the room appeared to be full of hatchets and I struggled to escape. Opening my eyes I saw standing beside me the waiter and on the tray a large, juicy steak. It was all a dream.

The introduction of Secretary Hoehn of the Y. M. C. A. to Portsmouth society on Tuesday evening was a happy one. He seemed pleased with the cordiality of the reception extended him, while the people who met him there for the first time all appeared satisfied with their earliest impressions of the gentleman who has been called to take the association's helm. Already the prospect for increased usefulness in the organization is auspicious. In the short time that Mr. Hoehn has been among us, he has shown an earnestness and a vigor that promise exceedingly well for his regime.

Representative Newton of this city on Tuesday made Speaker Little of the house, at Concord, a present of a serviceable and unique gavel. It is made of wood from the cruiser Raleigh, now at this yard, and Mr. Little said he should prize it highly as a souvenir of the war ship that opened the ball at Manila bay, as well as a reminder of his speakership. MAN ABOUT TOWN.

SNAKES AS DECORATIONS.

Samoan Dancing Girls Wreathe Themselves With Reptiles.

For the most part the Pacific islands are destitute of snakes. That is absolutely the case in Hawaii. In New Zealand, equally free of these reptiles, the only knowledge which the Maoris had of snakes may be found in a legend of a monster called the taniwha, concerning which authorities differ as to whether it is the ancestral and dim recollection of a snake or of an alligator. All the eastern islands of Polynesia between these two outposts are snakeless.

Samoa seems to lie just on the boundary line of snakes in the Pacific. In the eastern islands of the archipelago no snakes are to be found; in Upolu a few are seen at rare intervals; in Savaii, only a few miles to the westward, they are common and attain great size, in the case of some kinds at least. None of them is venomous, and the islanders neither fear them nor exhibit any of that repugnance to their presence which is commonly called instinctive.

This indifference to the reptiles is made most markedly manifest at the hamlet of Iva, on the northeast coast of Savaii. Here are to be found small snakes of a most brilliant red color. They are so common that a basketful may be easily picked up in any banana patch. The dancing girls of this town are in the habit of employing these gaudy snakes for personal adornment in their dances. They tie them about their necks, their ankles and their wrists, festoon them in their headdresses and tuck a few extra ones in the belt in readiness to replace such as escape in the dance. At their best these sivas danced by the Samoans are either dull or revolting shows of savagery. It can easily be imagined that they are made no more attractive when the taupou or village maid and her crew of attendant girls go careering about with an assortment of writhing red snakes. Still the Samoans, who have no stock of snake prejudices, look upon this as one of the most successful and artistic dances in their islands.—San Francisco Examiner.

Looks Like It.

Hojack—I think the bicycle must be of Scotch origin.

Tomdik—What nonsense.

Hojack—Don't you know that Scotchmen have been saying "Aweel" for centuries?—Detroit Free Press.

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NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

THE DAY IN CONGRESS.

The House Has a Very Lively Session.

SULZER ATTACKS PERRY HEATH.

Says Late Assistant Postmaster General Is Responsible For Story That He Blew In Boer Money—Lee and Wilson Named Brigadier Generals.

Washington, Feb. 12.—Yesterday was by far the liveliest during the present session of congress. A very interesting debate over the constitutional limitations of the power of the senate over revenue legislation initiated by the house was precipitated when Mr. Payne, the chairman of the ways and means committee, brought in the resolution of the committee to disagree to the substitute proposed by the senate as an amendment to the war revenue reduction act and to ask for a conference with the senate.

Mr. Tawney of Minnesota championed the cause of the house and its paramount rights over revenue legislation, but was unfortunate in not bringing forward a resolution to return the bill to the senate with the declaration that the senate had transcended its powers in substituting an entirely new measure for the bill of the house.

The subsequent debate showed that had this course been adopted the proposition would have commanded a large vote. Instead, however, he insisted upon a division of the resolution, and after the first portion—to disagree—had been adopted he made the point of order that the second motion was not in order because the senate in its substitute had invaded the constitutional prerogative of the house. The result was that the members were not confronted with the direct issue, and the house voted 232 to 33 to ask for a conference.

Sulzer Makes Pro-Boer Speech.

Later in the day during the consideration of the diplomatic and consular appropriation bill an impassioned pro-Boer speech by Mr. Sulzer of New York drew from Mr. Mahon of Pennsylvania a recital of the raising of a fund of about $1,200 for the benefit of the widows of Boer soldiers at a meeting held in this city at which Mr. Sulzer presided. He declared that after the "terrapin and cold bottles got in their work" only $18 was left for the Boer widows.

Mr. Sulzer declared that he had no connection with the expenditure of the fund, to which he had contributed $175, and a very lively row followed, the climax of which was reached when Mr. Sulzer had read an anonymous letter which made a sensational personal attack upon Mr. Perry S. Heath, late assistant postmaster general, who was secretary of the Republican national committee during the recent campaign, charging him with being Neely's sponsor and then denying it after the arrest of Neely and also making allegations against Mr. Heath in connection with government deposits in a New York bank. Mr. Sulzer charged Mr. Heath with being responsible for the circulation of the stories about his connection with the fund for the Boer widows. Mr. Knox of Massachusetts declared that it was "contemptible" to attack a gentleman who could not reply through the medium of an anonymous letter and moved that the infraction of the rules be reported to the house and the letter stricken from The Congressional Record.

In the course of the debate upon this motion Mr. Sulzer declared that although the communication was anonymous he fathered every word of it and would be responsible for it as a member of the house and as an individual. The Democrats filibustered against the motion to expunge the letter from The Congressional Record and finally forced an adjournment, the effect being to permit publication of the letter.

Shortly after the senate convened the naval appropriation bill was passed.

The shipping bill then was taken up and kept before the senate during the remainder of the executive day. Mr. Caffery (Dem.) of Louisiana occupied the floor throughout the session. Opposition senators made the point of no quorum several times and demanded a call of the senate. Finally this drew out a warning from Mr. Frye, chairman of the committee on commerce, that if senators desired a river and harbor bill to be reported at this session they would better not interrupt the committee having the measure under consideration. Even after that there was one call of the senate.

Mr. Caffery had not concluded his speech when, after having spoken for nearly six hours, he yielded the floor for an executive session.

The senate held two brief executive sessions yesterday for the consideration of the nominations for the office of brigadier general sent in by the president under the army reorganization act.

More Generals Nominated.

President McKinley sent to the senate these nominations: James H. Wilson of Delaware and Fitz Hugh Lee of Virginia, now brigadier generals of volunteers, to be brigadier generals in the regular army.

The senate confirmed the nominations of Major General Nelson A. Miles to be lieutenant general and Brigadier General S. B. M. Young, Colonel Adna R. Chaffee and Brigadier General Arthur MacArthur to be major generals.

At the first session the nominations to that position which had been favorably reported upon were recommitted to the committee on military affairs. During the afternoon there was a hurried meeting of the committee, at which favorable reports upon all the brigadier nominations before the committee were acted upon, and at the second closed session of the senate they were all reported. These favorable recommendations included not only the nominations heretofore reported, but also the nominations of Generals Wood, Grant and Bell, which had been previously passed over, and also those of Generals Fitz Hugh Lee and James H. Wilson, whose names were sent to the senate yesterday. When the nominations were reported, Senator Pettigrew objected to favorable consideration, and they went over until today under the senate rule.

It is understood that there will be a change in the order in which the nominations were made, which will relieve them of the criticism that was made on account of the high relative position the original assignments gave certain officers.

Two Victims of Coal Gas.

Oswego, N. Y., Feb. 12.—Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Ragan, an elderly couple, were found unconscious from the effects of escaping gas at their home here. The woman will probably die.

GOMEZ WINS.

Made Eligible For President of Cuba.

Havana, Feb. 12.—The followers of General Maximo Gomez triumphed yesterday in the Cuban constitutional convention. The clause making him eligible to the presidency of the republic was adopted by a vote of 15 to 14. There was no discussion. Just before the question was put to a vote Senor Giberga said he did not think the convention was called upon to recognize the revolutionary element in the constitution, but this protest elicited no reply. Senor Llorente, who is classed with the anti Gomez faction, was not present at yesterday's session owing to sickness. General Rivera absented himself in consequence of his wish not to take part in this particular dispute. Senor Betancourt, who voted last week with the opponents of General Gomez to postpone the discussion, cast his vote for Gomez, making a majority of one in favor of the clause.

The anti-Gomez faction took the defeat quietly and almost good naturedly. The session will continue today, when some changes will be made. It is generally believed that the convention will leave out the clause referring to the expulsion of "pernicious foreigners." There is also a growing disposition to eradicate all radical clauses before submitting the completed work to the United States congress.

The editing committee is getting the document in shape with a little delay as possible, and it is expected that the final adoption will not be much postponed.

The question of the relations to be sustained between Cuba and the United States will be left to a special commission who will draw up a proposal to be submitted to the convention.

CHINESE EMPRESS BALKS.

Objects to Beheading Some of Those Named.

Peking, Feb. 12.—The empress dowager is inclined to be argumentative regarding the infliction of capital punishment on the guilty officials. She has telegraphed to Li Hung Chang demanding to know what the foreigners mean by changing the terms of the peace proposals. She says that the terms demanded the severest punishment of the leaders in proportion to their crimes. That was what China agreed to inflict, yet now the foreigners demand the heads of all. The empress adds that she fails to see anything proportionate about that and declares that she will carry out her agreement, but will go no further.

She says that Yieng Lien is an unimportant official and was never a leader of the Boxers. He may, however, have been a follower. Chao Hsu Kiao did not go out to meet the Boxers, but he was only obeying orders. The empress insists that the death penalty in their cases is not proportionate to their crimes.

She directs the commissioners to see the ministers and call attention to the original agreement. This quibble is characteristic of Chinese diplomacy. All that is needed now is to tighten the screws and the empress will capitulate.

In obedience to their instructions the commissioners will today report to the ministers what the empress says. The ministers will meet today to consider other points in the negotiations.

More Tax Bills at Albany.

Albany, Feb. 12.—Two more bills imposing taxes were introduced in the senate and assembly last night, and more are reported coming. The chief of these new measures is one by Assemblyman Rodenbeck, which, basing its tax proposition on the Ford franchise tax law, goes considerably further along the same lines. The bill provides that in fixing the value of railroads, pipe lines, telegraph lines, telephone lines and other real estate the assessors may take into consideration any franchises, rights, authority, permission or easement to construct, operate or maintain the same so far as the property is not subject to a special franchise tax. The property taxable under that law lies mainly in the cities of the state. The proposed law would reach property located in tax districts lying outside the municipalities.

Drunken Soldiers In a Fight.

Detroit, Feb. 12.—The Tribune says that one of the results of the closing of the canteen at Fort Wayne was witnessed in a row among several soldiers of the fort after a drinking bout in one of the neighboring saloons. After receiving their pay some of the men are said to have indulged freely in intoxicants. Later, while in quarters, a quarrel resulted. Private Jonas, who was said to have been under the influence of liquor, quarreled with one of his comrades, who slashed him under the right arm with a razor. Jonas knocked his assailant down with a bayonet. He then went to an outside surgeon and had four stitches taken in his wound, while his assailant was attended by the post surgeon. Both men are under arrest. No official statement could be obtained from those in charge at the fort.

Mary Condit-Smith Married.

Washington, Feb. 12.—Lieutenant Richard S. Hooker, U. S. N., and Miss Mary O. Condit-Smith were married at noon yesterday at Epiphany church by Bishop Satterlee. The bride is the daughter of the late J. Condit-Smith of New York. While sojourning in China several months ago she became a prisoner during the siege of Peking. The groom is the son of Mrs. Bessie Stewart and the grandson of Senator Stewart. He received his commission over a year ago and recently was promoted.

Wireless Messages at Sea.

London, Feb. 12.—Lloyd's agent at Brow Head exchanged wireless messages Saturday with the White Star freighter Georgic, Captain Thompson, which left Liverpool for New York the previous day, when she was 12 miles out to sea. Calls from the shore to the ship and from the ship to the shore were made as quickly and easily as by telephone. Other experiments are being conducted over longer distance.

Little Boy Killed by an Icicle.

Buffalo, Feb. 12.—Franklin Gardner, 8 years old, was killed while entering the door of the Sunday school attached to St. Louis' church, at Main and Edward streets. An icicle that had hung over the doorway and which weighed fully 25 pounds fell on the boy's head and fractured his skull.

Cornell Students Dropped.

Ithaca, N. Y., Feb. 12.—As a result of the recent examinations the Cornell faculty has dropped a total of 64 men from all departments. More than two thirds of that number went from Sibley college. But seven were found deficient in the law department.

A DRY DAY IN TOPEKA.

Saloonists Bow to Crusaders' Ultimatum.

CHIEF OF POLICE IS ACTIVE.

He Sends Out Notices Which Bring Barkeepers to Terms—Result of the Movement Started by Mrs. Nation Is Wiping Out of Liquor Traffic.

Topeka, Feb. 12.—The great temperance mass meeting in the Auditorium Sunday and the bold declaration of nearly 2,000 men that the law must be enforced had the effect of closing nearly every drinking place in the city yesterday. Of the 60 or more places where liquors are usually sold behind cigar counters and refreshment rooms only one opened its doors.

Chief of Police Stahl before making his rounds received a copy of the declaration adopted at Sunday's meeting, together with a letter from the citizens' vigilance committee directing his attention to its ultimatum and demanding his aid for the suppression of evils of which complaint was made.

Copies of this letter and the citizens' declaration were delivered by the chief at every drinking place within his knowledge. Where the resorts were found to be locked up the papers were slipped under the door. To those proprietors he found the chief said:

"Last week we were informed that for the safety of yourselves and the public it was best you should close. There was a meeting held Sunday where it was demanded that you do so. That meeting has perfect organization, and for the safety of yourselves and the public I order you to close."

He also explained that the saloons must not only be closed, but that the fixtures and liquors must be shipped out of the town by Friday. In most instances the proprietors said they would not open again. At several places counters and bars had been taken down and goods placed in a corner as if for shipment.

W. Finney's place, at 234 Jefferson street, was the only one found open and ready for business. The bartender was serving customers, but promised to close.

The Home Defenders, the organization of women that has been supporting Mrs. Nation in her crusade here, planned a smashing raid, but deferred action in view of the course decided upon at the citizens' meeting.

It is the popular opinion that liquor selling has had its day in Topeka and that the occupation of the saloon keepers is gone.

Crusade In Holton, Kan.

Holton, Kan., Feb. 12.—The crusade against the jointists which was commenced here Saturday was vigorously continued yesterday at a mass meeting held in the Methodist church. A committee was appointed to investigate the report that the place owned by Mrs. Hicks, which was raided Saturday, was open again. The committee discovered that the report was true and as a result the temperance workers again raided the place and compelled Mrs. Hicks and her son to sign a contract, drawn in legal form, that they would never again sell liquor during their natural lives and that the son agree to leave Holton and remain away for a period of ten years. Later in the day another mass meeting was held to consider a proposition to destroy all of the liquor that had been seized by the sheriff and stored at the courthouse. A motion that this be done was defeated, but after the meeting adjourned most of those in attendance went to the courthouse and demanded the liquor. The deputy in charge made a tame effort to protect the property, but without avail. The reformers emptied the liquor into the gutter and taking the bar fixtures outside burned them in the street, making the work of destruction complete. Last night the sheriff, accompanied by a posse, raided a joint owned by Mrs. Haist, taking possession of all liquors found there and closing the place up.

Mrs. Nation In Muscatine.

Muscatine, Ia., Feb. 12.—Mrs. Nation has arrived here and was met at the train by 4,000 people. A squad of police was on hand, as she requested an escort to her hotel. The crowd, however, was peaceable and quiet and evidently turned out through curiosity, for less than 500 people attended her meeting at the Grand Opera House last night. After the meeting closed and the receipts of the evening were counted Mrs. Nation's financial manager dissolved partnership with her and, with four of the six women who accompanied her, will return to Kansas. He said: "My management of Mrs. Nation ends here. I return to Topeka, and four of the six women go with me. I have now closed up and am absolutely free. The women will return to their homes, and Mrs. Nation, I understand, will proceed to Chicago."

Train Hits Loaded Sleigh.

Chatham, Ont., Feb. 12.—A Canadian Pacific freight train struck a sleigh containing 13 young people at a grade crossing here last evening. Although the sleigh was reduced to splinters, only three of the party were injured. Miss Mabel Kipp, Duncan Smith and W. J. Hodges sustained severe cuts about the head, but were not fatally injured. The sleigh was rolled along in front of the engine a distance of 80 feet, the cover on the sleigh keeping the young people inside.

Diaz Reported Critically Ill.

Los Angeles, Feb. 12.—Owing to the reported critical illness of President Diaz of Mexico Major General Guillermo Andrade, consul for Mexico at Los Angeles, has left for the City of Mexico. General Andrade is a close friend of the president. President Diaz was in good health three weeks ago, but a sudden change in his condition followed. If he has strength enough he may take a trip to Europe, but officials believe that he is not sufficiently robust to undertake this voyage.

The Transport Rawlins Floated.

Washington, Feb. 12.—Quartermaster General Ludington has received a telegram from Quartermaster Ham of the transport Rawlins, which ran aground in the harbor of Santiago on Sunday, saying that that vessel had been floated. He said the vessel had sustained no damage and had sailed last night. The Rawlins is to bring a battalion of the Tenth infantry to Newport News.

Mrs. Maybrick Not Released.

London, Feb. 12.—A report has reached here from New York that Mrs. Maybrick has been pardoned. On inquiry here it is officially stated that the story is without foundation.

THE BOER WAR.

Lord Roberts' Conduct Criticised—A Letter From Sir Edward Clarke.

London, Feb. 12.—Sir Edward Clarke, the former solicitor general, following up his speech of Feb. 7 before the Holborn Conservative association, has written a letter to a friend citing Lord Roberts' rejection of the opportunity to propose peace terms in June, 1900, when General Buller had prepared the way by conferences with Christian Botha, who asked what was offered. Lord Roberts replied, "Unconditional surrender," the privates to be allowed to go to their farms and no promises to the commanders or to any who had taken an active part in bringing on the war.

"This," says Sir Edward Clarke, "put an end to all negotiations. So the war has gone on. The losses since have been 124 officers and 1,454 men killed in action and died of wounds, 63 officers and 3,029 men died of disease and 959 officers and 22,037 men invalided home. We have spent from $60,000,000 to $70,000,000 devastating a country over which we desire to rule. We do not seem a day nearer 'unconditional surrender' than seven months ago."

Sir Edward Clarke then says he earnestly hopes terms acceptable without dishonor will be offered to the Boers.

Colonel De Lisle's column has arrived at Williston, Cape Colony. The Boers moved in three columns toward Vanwyksvlei. They looted no stores in Williston. The Dutch here say the Boers have decided, if Christian De Wet's incursion into Cape Colony is not successful, that they will treat with a view to surrender, being tired of the war.

"Sensational developments are impending here," says the Pietermaritzburg correspondent of The Daily Mail. "There have been wholesale thefts of military stores, and prominent officials and merchants are implicated. Several arrests have already been made along the railroad line."

The Cape Town correspondent of The Standard says reports have been received there from Delagoa Bay asserting that the natives of the northern Transvaal have risen against the Boers.

Cape Town Has Plague.

Cape Town, Feb. 12.—The government has decided to notify foreign nations that Cape Town is infected with the bubonic plague. There is no longer doubt about it. Another native has died of the disease. Three more cases are reported, and 50 persons who have been in contact with plague victims have been isolated. A temporary military hospital is being erected.

Great Indiana Oil Strike.

Hartford City, Ind., Feb. 12.—An oil well that surpasses the famous gusher drilled recently at Beaumont, Tex., has been struck in the Blackford county oil-field. The unexpected and tremendous output is not yet under control, and five acres of land surrounding the marvelous producer are inundated with the crude oil. It is regarded as the most phenomenal well ever drilled in America and the record breaker of the world. The well is situated on the Joseph Bird farm, in Washington township, this county, and in the center of a nine acre tract. It is exactly six miles northwest from the courthouse in Hartford City and eight miles west of Montpelier. The well, after being shot, commenced to flow in a solid stream from a 6½ inch casing and has kept up its flow ever since. It is surrounded by muck land, into which the oil sinks rapidly. The well was starred by the Manhattan Oil company, but after the sale of the company's product and territory to the Standard Oil company it was transferred to the trust, which now owns the well.

Gorgeous Ball In Madrid's Palace.

Madrid, Feb. 12.—The aristocracy of Spain gathered at the palace last night to attend the court ball given in honor of the wedding of the Princess of the Asturias and Prince Charles of Bourbon. The magnificent structure was ablaze with electric lights when the guests entered by the royal staircase of white marble. The long line of guests traversed the Hall of Columns and passed through apartment after apartment gorgeously hung with Gobelin tapestry. The members of the diplomatic corps awaited the royal party, which entered at 10 o'clock. The queen regent was escorted by the Count of Caserta. Then followed the Countess of Caserta with Archduke Eugen of Austria, the Princess of the Asturias with Prince Charles, the Infanta Isabella with the Duke of Calabria, the Infanta Eulalie with Prince Gennaro, younger brother of Prince Charles, and then three of the daughters of the Count of Caserta.

Thanks New York Exchanges.

Albany, Feb. 12.—King Edward VII of England has taken official recognition of the action of the financial and commercial exchanges of New York in suspending business on the day of the funeral of Queen Victoria. Governor Odell has received the following letter from Assistant Secretary of State Hill at Washington: "I have the honor to inform you that his majesty King Edward VII has instructed his embassador here to express the grateful sense entertained by his majesty of the sympathy and respect shown to the memory of the late queen by the closing of the financial and commercial exchanges of New York on the day of her majesty's funeral. Lord Pauncefote writes under date of the 5th inst. requesting that you will have the kindness to bring the king's expression of appreciation to the notice of the proper public bodies."

BRIEF NEWS NOTES.

Work on Shamrock II is being pushed with all speed.

Failure of crops has caused widespread distress in Russia.

Ex-King Milan of Servia has died in Vienna. Milan was born in 1854 at Jassy, the son of Melos Obrenovic and a Moldavian woman, whose elopement with Prince Cuza shortly after the birth of Milan caused a scandal at the court. Milan was adopted by his uncle, Prince Michael Obrenovic III, the reigning prince of Servia, and was educated in Paris. Upon the assassination of his uncle in the gardens of his palace at Belgrade on June 10, 1868, Milan was called to assume the government. He made himself one of the most eccentric and most thoroughly despised of monarch in the history of European royalty. In 1888 Queen Natalie got a divorce from the ex-king. In 1889 the Servian government could stand him no longer, and it paid him £200,000 to be off about his own affairs. He accepted and spent the money in two years of Parisian debauchery. He ran through several fortunes afterward and at his death was practically penniless and dependent upon the charity of the Hapsburgs of Austria.

ANNEXATION TALK RIFE.

Conservative Cubans Do Not Want Independence.

CONSTITUTION MAY BE REJECTED.

Many Prominent Islanders Believe It Is Useless to Expect a Safe Government at the Hands of Present Political Leaders.

Washington, Feb. 12.—Just how much confidence is to be inspired in the capacity of the Cubans to assume all the privileges and responsibilities of free government evidently remains to be ascertained by something more than an inspection of the constitution, about which so much has been said here and which, according to well informed Americans in Havana, seems to be taken more seriously here than it does in Cuba. The administration, however, having invited the Cubans to express their ideas of the sort of government they should have and having provided a way by which to secure that expression, is bound to go on to the extremity of receiving the constitution after it has been adopted by the constituent assembly at Havana.

Careful and impartial observers in Havana, Cuban and American, say that there is very little expectation there that the United States will accept the constitution that has been framed with so little regard, as the conservative Cubans think, for the permanent interests of the island and of the United States. This conservative population, made up in part of Spaniards, has held aloof in the making of the convention and the constitution under the impression that one of these days the Cubans would see that it was futile to expect to obtain a safe government at the hands of the exclusively political Cubans, those who had been most conspicuous in agitation and as officers in the revolutionary army.

Administration Well Informed.

There is no doubt that the administration has been informed of the prevailing sentiment among the conservatives who have hesitated to assert their leaning toward annexation because they did not wish to provoke turmoil or disorders, and information has been obtained to justify the belief that among a large and influential class of Cubans it is expected that the constitution will be denounced by the United States and another proposition made to frame a constitution, possibly with the aid of a greater number of the responsible, careful and anxious men of the island. They look for developments toward annexation by a postponement of the self governing experiment for a few years and in the meantime a continuance of peace and security for the people and for business under military rule by the United States.

While the conservatives have done nothing in Cuba to openly contribute to conservative action in the convention, with intimations of a desire to co-operate intimately with the United States under any form of government the people may be permitted to try, credit is given to Giberga, one of the most influential of the conservative delegates, for having adroitly undertaken to bring the delegates to consideration of the views that he considers important to his own people.

It is spoken of as remarkable that while there has yet been very little anxiety expressed by Cubans to have the forthcoming constitution adopted just as it is sent to the president for his consideration there is a very decided Cuban desire that it shall be rejected as expressing only the views of a part of the Cuban population and that not the part relied upon to give to any government the character and stability that are demanded by the United States and that are indispensable to the serenity and prosperity of the island and its people.

Cubans See the President.

Secretary Root escorted to the White House yesterday a delegation of prominent Cubans, who represent the highest intelligence as well as the solid, substantial business interests of the island. In the party were Domingo Villamil, O. E. Davis, Louis V. Place, L. U. de Abad and Alberto Brach. They have been sent to Washington by the sugar, tobacco, manufacturing and general commercial interests of Cuba to advise with the president on various economic phases of the island, but chiefly with reference either to modifying considerably or wholly abolishing the present export duty on tobacco. As it is a matter with which congress has nothing to do, since the export duty was established by executive authority soon after this country's military occupation of the island began, the delegation will deal entirely with the president and Secretary Root. The president talked with the visitors nearly an hour on general topics in Cuba and before taking any action on their request will lay the matter before the cabinet.

Election Riot In St. Louis.

St. Louis, Feb. 12.—More than 150 shots were fired, a sergeant of police and two negroes were wounded and a ballot box was stolen in the course of a riot about the Second district polling place of the Fourth ward at Twelfth and Linden streets last evening. It was only after a riot call had brought Captain Kiely with 40 policemen and riot guns to the scene that a semblance of order was restored. Even then the streets were filled with negroes and some white men, all of whom were armed, many of them intoxicated and looking for trouble. Not a ballot was cast there during the day.

Signs of Marine Disaster.

St. John's, N. F., Feb. 12.—The government has received advices that wreckage, apparently part of a steamer, including a well finished bridge, a lot of planks and an empty brandy case, has drifted ashore near Bacalieu, a small island northeast of the Avalon peninsula. Other wreckage is reported at different points along the shore. It is believed that a serious marine disaster has occurred, resulting in the loss of a ship and her entire crew, although nothing is known respecting the name of the vessel or her destination.

Disturbances In Spain.

London, Feb. 12.—The Madrid correspondent of The Standard, wiring at midnight, says: "It is asserted that about 40 arrests have been made. Several policemen and some of the rioters have been injured in Madrid as well as several rioters and four gendarmes at Saragossa, where martial law has been proclaimed."

Alleged Counterfeiter Discharged.

Elmira, N. Y., Feb. 12.—Manfred H. Peterson of Watkins, charged with making counterfeit money, has been discharged by United States Commissioner Dyett.

ASPHALT TRUST WANTS AID.

Asks Government's Active Support In Venezuelan Dispute.

Washington, Feb. 12.—Secretary Hay yesterday received Messrs. Nicoll and Lindsay of New York, counsel for the New York and Bermudez company, and they argued for governmental action in behalf of the company in Venezuela. These gentlemen have been in Washington for three days and were expected to obtain an elaborate hearing before the state department, at which they were to make an exhaustive exposition of the asphalt trust's cause. The hearing was not over half an hour long, however, and was rather informal. It is understood that Secretary Hay intimated his wish that the arguments be submitted in briefs instead of orally.

The lawyers spent the time in arguing in favor of active support by the United States government of that company's contentions in the controversy over the asphalt concessions. Their client objects seriously to allowing the Venezuelan courts to adjudicate on the subject matter of the disputes between it and the Warner-Quinlan people, but from present appearances the trust will fail to move the state department to any further action than it has already taken, and if Venezuela acts conservatively and avoids a conflict the trust will have to permit a resort to the courts.

In this connection it was learned that the state department has not only warned Venezuela not to use force, but has taken action which covers the contingency of a failure of justice in the courts. It has informed Venezuela that if the matter is taken into the courts their findings will be reviewed by the United States, and if the action of the courts does any injustice to American citizens an indemnity will be demanded. This seems to cover every possible phase of the case, but the asphalt trust is still dissatisfied and wants the government to take still stronger action.

The Kennedy Trial.

New York, Feb. 12.—The trial of Dr. Samuel J. Kennedy, charged with the murder of "Dolly" Reynolds, was resumed yesterday. Several policemen testified against the prisoner, and Patrick J. Lenahan, an elevator man in the Grand hotel, identified Kennedy as the companion of Miss Reynolds on the night preceding the finding of her body. Police Captain McClusky identified the lead pipe bludgeon and told how it corresponded to the mark on Kennedy's underclothing. Captain Price also testified against the prisoner. Joseph J. Gregory, assistant head waiter in the hotel, said he saw a man resembling Kennedy leave the hotel hurriedly about 2 o'clock in the morning of the day of the murder. When court opened, Robert M. Moore, for the defense, said one of the most important witnesses had left the city, and he (Moore) did not desire the trial to proceed until the witness had been found. The witness is John Melville, a plumber in New Dorp. Justice Fursman denied the motion, but said he would consider it again when the defense began its side.

New Jersey Legislature.

Trenton, Feb. 12.—The two houses of the legislature held long and somewhat tedious sessions last night. Most of the time was taken up with the introduction of bills and the adoption of unimportant resolutions. In the house Mr. Fallon (Dem.) of Hudson county opposed the house bill appropriating $10,000 to send a regiment of the national guard to Washington to take part in the inaugural ceremonies of President McKinley. He characterized the trip as a junket which should not be paid for by the state. The bill passed. The house also passed the senate bill making the term of the superintendent of the Essex County Insane asylum five years and the house bill repealing the act of 1893 requiring city halls to be surrounded by 25 feet of open space. Mr. Fallon made an ineffective effort to take from committee his bill prohibiting corporations from blacklisting discharged employees.

Jeffries-Ruhlin Fight.

Cincinnati, Feb. 12.—The hearing of arguments by Judge Hollister on the application for a permanent injunction against the Jeffries-Ruhlin contest here next Friday night closed shortly after 6 o'clock last night. Judge Hollister announced at once that he would reserve his decision until 11 a. m. next Thursday. He stated that there were so many exhibits and citations of authority that he desired two days for the preparation of his findings. This means that the present suspense of the Sangerfest Athletic association, Managers Brady and Madden, the contestants and others will continue until the day before the date fixed for the contest. All the arrangements at the big hall and elsewhere are completed, and the sale of tickets continues brisk.

Passenger Train Wrecked.

Charleston, W. Va., Feb. 12.—The Chesapeake and Ohio fast passenger train, east bound, was wrecked last night six miles east of here, and four people were slightly injured. Every car was derailed. The baggage car and day coach were thrown down a 40 foot embankment. The mail car ran into a station and was smashed. The dining car was thrown from the track, but the occupants of this and of the two Pullmans were unhurt. Lee Massie of Goldsboro, O., and F. M. Smith of Knoxville had their shoulders dislocated and were otherwise injured. Charles Southwick, the baggageman, of Huntington, W. Va., received a scalp wound. The cause of the accident was an open switch.

Rev. Mr. Keller's Condition.

New York, Feb. 12.—Rev. John Keller, according to the physicians in attendance, is holding his own. Dr. Exton, Dr. Strasser and Dr. Eagleton held a consultation last night, but no operation was performed and no attempt was made to cleanse the socket of the right eye. After the conference the physicians expressed themselves as being satisfied with the condition of the patient. Except from the complication of the eye trouble the minister is in a fair way.

Nebraska Senatorial Fight.

Lincoln, Neb., Feb. 12.—A possible ending of the Nebraska senatorial deadlock came last night, when 70 Republican legislators, two less than the entire Republican membership, signed an agreement to go into caucus tonight. The call provides that 50 members shall nominate by open ballot and that nominations for the long and short terms shall be simultaneous. It cannot be seen that the agreement especially favors any one particular candidate.

Weather Forecast.

Fair; fresh westerly winds.

PORTSMOUTH POST OFFICE.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From
New York, West and South, 10:00 a. m., 5:30, 8:20 p. m.
Boston, 10:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:30, 6:30, 6:30, 9:30 p. m.
Boston and way stations, 10:00 a. m., 5:22, 9:30 p. m.
All points East, 7:20 a. m., 3:00, 9:20 p. m.
Portland and way stations, 7:20, 11:00 a. m. 3:00, 5:20, 9:20 p. m.
Concord and points North, 10:20 a. m., 1:00, 5:50 p. m.
Concord and way stations, 10:20 a. m., 5 p. m.
North Conway and way stations, 11:00 a. m.
Sanbornville, 8:30, 11:00 a. m., 5:30 p. m.
White Mountains, 7:30, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 5:30, 9:00 p. m.
Dover, 7:30, 11:00 a. m., 5:30, 6:30, 9:00 p. m.
Newcastle, 9:30 a. m., 3:20 p. m.
Newington, 9:30 a. m.
Kittery and York, 11:00 a. m., 5:00 p. m.
Eliot, 11:00 a. m., 5:00 p. m.
Sundays, 11:30 a. m.

MAILS CLOSE.

For
Boston, West and South, 7:45, 10:35 a. m., 4:25, 6:30 p. m.
Boston and way stations, 10:35 a. m., 1:50, 7:00 p. m.
All points East, 9:25 a. m., 1:50, 7:00 p. m.
Portland and way stations, 9:25 a. m., 1:50, 4:55, 7:00 p. m.
Concord and points North, 8:00, 9:25 a. m., 12:20, 4:55, 6:50 p. m.
Manchester and way stations, 8:00, 12:20 a. m., 4:55 p. m.
North Conway and way stations, 9:25 a. m.
Sanbornville, 9:25, 10:35 a. m., 5:30 p. m.
White Mountains, 8:00, 9:25, 10:35 a. m., 1:50, 4:55, 7:00 p. m.
Dover, 9:25 a. m., 1:50, 4:55, 7:00 p. m.
Newcastle, 10:30 a. m., 4:15 p. m.
Newington, 10:25 a. m.
Kittery and York, 10:25 a. m., 6:35 p. m.
Eliot, 9:25 a. m., 5:00 p. m.
Sundays, 4:00 p. m.

Registered mail closes one-half hour earlier than ordinary mail.

OFFICE HOURS: Week-days, 7:30 a. m. to 8:00 p. m. Sundays, 12:00 m. to 1:00 p. m.
JOHN H. BARTLETT, P. M.

CHECKLIST NOTICE.

The Board of Registrars of Voters for the City of Portsmouth hereby gives notice that they will be in session at the Common Council Chamber at City Hall in said city on the following dates, viz: Feb. 1st, 5th, 8th, 12th, 15th, 19th, 21st, 26th, March 1st and 5th, 1901, at the following hours: 9 A. M. to 12 M., 2 to 5 and 7:30 to 9 P. M., for the purpose of making up and correcting the checklists of the several wards in said city, to be used at the City Election to be held March 12th, 1901.

The said Board will also be in session at the same place on March 12th, 1901, from 8 A. M. to 12 M. and from 1 to 4 P. M., for the purpose of granting certificates to those legal voters whose names are omitted from the lists.

It is the personal duty of the voters to see that their names are on the lists by presenting themselves at some meeting of the Board.

LORENZO T. BURNHAM, Chairman.
HERBERT B. DOW, Clerk.

MUSIC HALL.

F. W. HARTFORD, MANAGER.

Monday Evening, Feb. 18th

BENEFIT

Portsmouth High School Class 1901.

LAUGHTER LENGTHENS LIFE

The Quaint, Quipful Comedian

Walter E. Perkins

In the Century's Greatest Comedy Hit

The Man From Mexico

By H. A. Du Souchet, Author of My Friend from India.

An Established Laughing Success from Maine to California.

..A Cast of Superior Merit..

LAUGHTER LIVES IN EVERY LINE!

PRICES: - 35, 50 and 75c.

Seats on sale Friday morning, Feb. 15th, at Music Hall box office.

HOTEL EMPIRE

BROADWAY AND 63d ST., N. Y. CITY.

......ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF......

European Plan Exclusively.

Perfect Cuisine — Efficient Service
Fine Library — Select Patronage

Sensible people who seek comfort without waste and elegance without ostentation will find the Empire an ideal hotel.

MODERATE RATES.

There is no crowd or jam. The lounger and curious are absent and an atmosphere of refined congeniality pervades the whole establishment.

From Grand Central station take Boulevard cars seven minutes to Empire.

From the Fall River Boats take the 9th Ave. Elevated to 59th St., from which Hotel is one minute's walk.

Within ten minutes of amusement and shopping centres. All cars pass the Empire.

Send postal for descriptive booklet.

W. JOHNSON QUINN, Proprietor.

BLOOD POISON

Have You Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Aches, Old Sores, Ulcers in the Mouth, Hair Falling? Write for proofs of cures. We solicit the most obstinate cases. We have cured the worst cases in 15 to 35 days. Capital, $500,000. 100-page book FREE. No branch offices.

COOK REMEDY CO.

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This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

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HOTELS OF MAINE AND NEW HAMPSHIRE

TO GO FOR AN OUTING

CUTLER'S

[illegible]A VIEW.

[illegible]MPTON BEACH,

[illegible] you get the famous [illegible]H DINNERS.

[illegible]eautifully situated hotel on the [illegible] parties catered to.

CUTLER, Proprietor

The Famous

[illegible]EL WHITTIER,

[illegible]n the Entire Year.

[illegible]rite stopping place for [illegible]outh people.

[illegible] are on a pleasure drive you [illegible]il to enjoy a meal at Whit

WHITTIER, Proprietor.

[illegible]ON & MAINE R. R

[illegible]STERN DIVISION.

Arrangement, in Effect Oct. 8.

[illegible]eave Portsmouth

[illegible]on. 3 50, 7 20, 8 15, 10 53 a m, 5 00, 7 28 p m. Sunday, 3 50, [illegible] m, 2 21, 5 00 p m.

[illegible]and, 9 55, 10 45 a m, 2 45, 8 50, p m. Sunday, 8 30, 10 45 a m. [illegible] m.

[illegible]s Beach, 9 55 a m, 2 45, 5 [illegible] Sunday, 8 30 a m

[illegible]Orchard and Portland, 9 55 a m 5 22 p m. Sunday, 8 30 a m.

[illegible] Conway, 9 55 a m, 2 45 p m.

[illegible]rsworth, 4 50, 9 45, 9 55, a m. 2 45, 5 22, 5 30 p m.

[illegible]ester, 9 45, 9 55 a m, 2 40, 2 45, 5 30 p m.

[illegible]r, 4 50, 9 45 a m, 12 20, 2 40, 8 52 p m. Sunday, 8 30, 10 48 [illegible] 57 p m.

[illegible] Hampton and Hampton, 7 29 10 53 a m, 5 00 p m. Sunday, [illegible] m, 5 00 p m.

[illegible] Portsmouth

[illegible]oston, 7 30, 9 00, 10 10, a m, 3 0, 4 45, 7 00, 7 45 p m. Sun [illegible] 30, 8 20, 9 00 a m, 6 40, 7 00 p

[illegible]ortland, 2 00, 9 00 a m, 12 45, [illegible] m. Sunday, 2 00 a m, 12 45 p

[illegible]rth Conway, 7 25 a m, 4 15 p m

[illegible]chester, 7 19, 9 47 a m, 3 50, [illegible] m. Sunday, 7 00 a m

[illegible]mersworth 6 35, 7 32, 10 00 a [illegible]5, 6 39 p m.

[illegible]ver, 6 50, 10 24 a m, 1 40, 4 30, 9 25 p m. Sunday, 7 30 a m. [illegible] m.

[illegible]mpton, 9 22, 11 53 a m, 2 13 6 16 p m. Sunday, 6 26, 10 06 [illegible] 09 p m.

[illegible]th Hampton, 9 28, 11 59 a m, 5 05, 6 21 p m. Sunday, 6 30, [illegible] a m, 8 15 p m.

[illegible]eenland, 9 35 a m, 12 05, 2 25, 6 27 p m. Sunday, 6 35, 10 18 [illegible] 20 p m.

[illegible]THERN DIVISION

[illegible]RTSMOUTH BRANCH.

[illegible]ve the following stations for [illegible]hester, Concord and interme- [illegible] stations:

[illegible]th, 8 30 a m, 12 45 5 25 p m.

[illegible]d Village, 8 39 a m, 12 54. 5 23

[illegible]am Junction, 9 0[illegible] a m, 1 07 [illegible] m.

[illegible] 22 a m, 1 21, 6 14 p m.

[illegible], 9 32 a m, 1 32, 6 25 p m.

[illegible] leave

[illegible] 7 45, 10 25 a m, 3 30 p m.

[illegible]er, 8 30, 11 10 a m, 4 20 p m.

[illegible], 9 10, 11 48 a m, 5 02 p m.

[illegible] 22 a m, 12 00 m, 5 15 p m.

[illegible]am Junction, 9 47 a m, 12 17, [illegible]m.

[illegible] Village, 10 01 a m, 12 29, 6 00

[illegible] connect at Rockingham Junc- [illegible] Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence [illegible]on. Trains connect at Man- [illegible]nd Concord for Plymouth, [illegible]le, Lancaster; St. Johnsbury, [illegible] Vt., Montreal and the west.

[illegible]ormation given, through tick- [illegible] and baggage checked to all [illegible] the station.

[illegible] FLANDERS, G. P. & T. A.

[illegible]Y FERRY LAUNCH NO. 132.

[illegible] GOVERNMENT BOAT, [illegible] BUSINESS.

[illegible] Navy Yard—8 20, 8 40, 9 15, [illegible]0 11 45 a m, 1 35, 2 00, 3 00, [illegible] 5 45, *7 05 p m. Sundays, [illegible]15 a m, 12 15, 12 35 p m. [illegible] 9 30, 10 30, 11 30 a m.

[illegible] Portsmouth 8 30, 8 50, 9 30, [illegible]00 a m, 12 15, 1 45, 2 15, 3 30, [illegible], 6 00, *10 00 p m. Sundays, [illegible] m., 12 05, 12 25, 12 45 p. m. [illegible], 10 00, 11 00 a. m., 12 00 m.

[illegible]ndays and Saturdays

IN HUB MARKETS

Quotations on the Leading Products In Demand.

Boston, Feb. 12.—Butter is well held. The supply of best fresh creameries is reported small, with good held stock very steady. Best creamery, small lots and pkgs, 24½@25c; northern fresh, round lots, 23½@24c; western, 23@23½c; eastern, 22@23½c; firsts, 19½@20½c; imitations, 13@16c; jobbing, ½@1c more.

Cheese continues in quiet request, with the markets abroad easier than early in the week. Here quotations are steady. New, round lots, 11½@12½c; old, 13c; jobbing, ½@1c higher; Liverpool, 50s 6d for white, and 51s 6d for colored.

Eggs advanced 2 to 3c on cold and stormy weather, but at least 1c has been lost of that advance. Later, however, shippers were much firmer, and wire receivers here to hold their eggs, on stormy weather west, with chances for further blockades and a cold wave. At marks, fresh western, 22@23c; storage, 18@19c; eastern, 23@24c; nearby and fancy, 25@35c and up; jobbing, 1@1½c higher.

In the market on beans there is no new features. Trade is quiet, with prices firm.

In apples there has been a good trade of late, with a good many apples moved. The best selected cold storage lots are considerably firmer, with fresh arrivals very steady to firmer.

Cranberries are rather irregular, some sellers asking high prices, with others selling for considerable less. Bbls, $7@9.50; crts, $2.50@3.50; upper prices for jobbing lots.

For the week two crates and 25 refrigerators of strawberries came forward. The berries have sold at from 40c to 50c for best lots, with some poor that had to be sold for less.

Rhubarb is on the market and sells at 10@12c per lb.

Truck and vegetables are in more limited supply than before the recent cold weather, and the market is generally firmer.

Celery is considerably firmer at $2@2.50 per doz. Spinach is a little firmer at $1.50@1.75 per bbl, the latter price for jobbing lots. Kale, 25@75c per bbl. Beet greens are higher at 75c@$1 per bu; dandelions, $150@1.75 per bu.

Lettuce is firm at 60c@$1 per doz. Radishes are quoted at 20@30c per doz bchs.

Onions are still more firm at $2.75@3.50 per bbl, the latter for fancy and jobbing. By the bushel they are quoted at $1.25@1.50 per crt; Bermudas, $1.50@1.75 per cs.

The market on potatoes is a little better in tone, with little change in prices. Aroostook hebrons, 60@65c; Green mountains sell at 65@70c; York state and northern whites, 53@55c; Dakota reds, 53@55c; double head sweets, $1.25@1.50.

Squashes continue easy at $25@30 per ton, with the jobbers selling at $1.50@1.75 per bbl.

Cucumbers are firmer at $14@16 per 100 for hothouse No. 1, with no southern at hand. Tomatoes are firmer at $3.50 per crt for southern, and at 40@45c per lb for hothouse.

Cabbages are firmer at $1.25@1.50 per bbl for native; savoy, $1.25 per bbl. Yellow turnips are firm at 75@90c per bbl; white French, $2@2.50 per bbl, white flat, 30@40c per bu.

Egg plants are scarce and high at $2.50 per cs. Brussels sprouts are higher at 18@20c per bx. Artichokes are quoted at $1.50 per bx. Mushrooms sell at 40@50c per lb. Peppers are quoted at $2 per crt. Leeks sell at 50c.

String beans are scarce and very high at $3@4 per crt, as to size and quality. New Bermuda potatoes are higher at $5.50@6 per bbl and at $2.50@3 per bu, the latter price at retail.

The pork market is a shade easier on fresh ribs and some of the cuts.

Here the beef market is well sustained, with quotations firmer. The general report is that the market is very well cleaned up.

The market on lambs and muttons was again easy, on free arrivals, although trade was fairly good. Quotation are rather easy; Lambs, 7@7½c; Brighton and fancy, 9@10c; muttons, 6@7½c; fancy and Brightons, 7@8c; veals, 6@10½c; fancy and Brightons, 11@11½c.

Poultry is in quiet demand. Turkeys are easy. For best chickens and fowls the demand is a little better. Western turkeys, 9@12c; fancy and northern, 12½@14c; fresh chickens, fancy, 12@15c; ordinary, 9½@11c; capons, 12@15c; fresh fowls, 9@13c; ducks, 10@12c; geese, 9@10c; live poultry, 9@10c.

The supply of game is still reported to be unusually small, with little coming in. Prices are nominally little changed, although generally firm. Whole deer, nominal, 14@18c; saddles, 18@22c; grouse, $1@1.50 per pair; fancy, $1.50@1.75 per pair; quail, $2.50@3 per doz; Mallard ducks, $1.25@1.75 per pair; black ducks, $1.25@1.50; rabbits, western, 10@15c per pair; northern, 20@25c; jacks, 50@65c; pigeons, $1.20@1.25 per doz.

Flour continues dull, with prices unsatisfactory to everybody who sells it. The millers are free to declare that all the flour now being sold is paying more or less of a loss, and must continue to do so till the flour made out of unsatisfactory wheat is out of the way.

Cornmeal and oatmeal are scarcely changed, although trade is dull. The cereals are fairly steady.

A dull market is mentioned on hay, with little change. Straw is in quiet request. Millfeed is in fair demand at about steady prices. Hay, $19.50@20; fancy and jobbing, $20.50; rye straw, $16.50@17.50; oat straw, $9@10.

Corn is in quiet request, with little change in feature. A dull trade has been noted here for the week.

LUMINOUS BACTERIA.

THE QUEER LIFE WHICH MAKES THE SEA PHOSPHORESCENT.

How These Immeasurable Millions of the Smallest Living Organisms Divide and Multiply — Air a Necessity For Their Flashes of Silvery Fire.

Nature dazzles the eye of men with many wonderful phenomena, but perhaps never more so than when she turns the gloomy night waters of the sea into a sheet of silvery fire. It is only lately that any very serious effort has been made to study this phenomenon, but the research has been abundantly rewarded, for it is now pretty certain that the luminosity is due to the presence in the water of various kinds of bacteria.

Now, bacteria are the very smallest living organisms of which we have cognizance. Millions of them can lie on a penny. Therefore to produce the gleaming appearance recognized by us as phosphorescence they must be present in numbers too enormous even to contemplate with our finite minds. It would be immeasurably easier to reckon with the stars for multitude than with these phosphorescent bacteria. They are colorless, rodlike bodies, only known to us in the land revealed by the highest powers of the microscope, and careful comparison shows minor differences among them. For instance, some of them are capable of independent motion—we can hardly call it swimming—others are nonmotile, some are inclosed in a jellylike covering, and others are without this sheath. Their power of motion is probably due to excessively fine hairs at their extremities, which, moving to and fro in the water, act the part of oars. These cilia have not been found in all forms of bacteria which move, but their presence is inferred, since every advance in the study of motile forms increases the number of bacteria which are seen to possess them.

These light producing bacteria are known as photo bacteria, and so far some half dozen varieties have been distinguished and named. The names in such cases are usually either given from the locality of their appearance (thus, photo bacterium balticum, found in the Baltic), from their discoverer (for example, photo bacterium Fischeri, after Professor Fischer), or from some striking attribute (to wit, photo bacterium phosphorescens, the commonest light giving species).

That they lie at the bottom of the matter—that phosphorescence is due to their presence—has been and can be proved in several pretty ways. It is not sufficient, of course, that we should always detect them in any examination of luminous sea water. To prove that they are the cause of light we must be able to procure luminosity by introducing them into water that did not previously show this quality, and this can be done thus:

Place a few of these tiny organisms into sea water or broth prepared from fish and keep at a suitable temperature. They can then be cultivated without much difficulty, and as they spread and develop phosphorescence appears, so that a removal of the vessel into another room shows unmistakably the glow of the familiar light. It only appears, however, at the surface of the liquid, where the oxygen of the air has free access to the bacteria. If, for experiment's sake, the supply of fresh air be cut off—that is, if no oxygen be allowed to come near them—then the little colony of bacteria loses its fascinating power and remains dull and shorn of its glory. But restore the air, and the microbes again recover their normal condition and luminosity seems a natural corollary.

There is a tale told that a woman whose husband made bacteria his study took a leaf out of his book and cultivated these bacteria on gelatin in such a way that as they developed they shone out the message "Hommage à M. Pasteur." The shining letters were then photographed and the picture sent to the great bacteriologist, thus conveying in graceful form the warm appreciation in which he was held by those following in his steps.

The explanation, too, of the luminous shoals of fish is now made plain, and we can apparently get "fiery herrings" at will. No longer are we to believe that the herrings themselves, by the exercise of some marvelous power or by the excretion of an extraordinary substance, give rise to the striking luminosity, but rather that their brightness is due to myriads of these infinitesimal bodies, which cling to their surfaces and invest them in a coat of shining light. Thus if some herrings newly caught and with the sea water still fresh on them be placed on one plate and covered down with another and then put into a suitable temperature and left for a day and a night glints of light can at the end of the time be detected at various points on their bodies when they are examined in a dark room. If they are yet again put away for another 24 hours, the points of light spread until the whole of the fish are enveloped in a beautiful bluish glow. The light is then at its best and gradually fades away as the fish putrefies and the sea water dries up.

If a little of the light giving matter be scraped off the skins of the herrings and examined under the microscope, it shows itself to be nothing but colonies or collections of bacteria, all living at a great pace, dividing, multiplying and developing at a tremendous rate. Each member of a colony is normally roundish in shape, but in this stage of reproduction it is continually elongating into a long ellipse, a constriction appears at the middle, and it divides into two. Each of these two in their turn elongate, become constricted and divide. And so it goes on, the process being often so rapid that short chains are formed, the various portions being unable to break away in time. The particular bacterium which affects herrings and cod is remarkable for its great luminosity. In fact, it exceeds all other species in this quality.

It is a curious fact that the addition of a little sugar to the liquid or the gelatin on which these phosphorescent bacteria are being cultivated increases very much their power of producing light. The sugar must, however, be used with great moderation, as too much of it has a contrary effect and checks the luminosity altogether. The reason for this is that nearly all this class of bacteria require carbon as nourishment if they are to develop to their highest powers. Now, sugar is very largely composed of carbon; hence the good results which follow its presence.

It would of course be presumptuous and doubtless erroneous to say that all the phosphorescence of the sea is due solely to phosphorescent bacteria, but it is at the present state of our knowledge that they are certainly responsible for a great share of it. But this wonder of nature must now be regarded as yet another instance of the mighty results accomplished through the agency of the smallest of living things.—G. Clarke Nutall in Nature.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

The Pathetic Story of a Tragedy of the Alps.

Many years ago I read a pathetic story, which is constantly recalled to mind as the duties of this compilation compel me to read the records of past years and reperuse the long closed letters of my beloved and live over again the happy days when we were all in all to each other. I do not remember all the details of the incident which so impressed me, but the chief facts were these:

A married couple were crossing one of the great glaciers of the Alpine regions, when a fatal accident occurred. The husband fell down one of the huge crevasses which abound on all glaciers—the rope broke, and the depth of the chasm was so great that no help could be rendered, nor could the body be recovered. Over the wife's anguish at her loss we must draw the veil of silence. Forty years afterward saw her, with the guide who had accompanied them at the time of the accident, staying at the nearest hotel at the foot of the glacier, waiting for the sea of ice to give up its dead, for by the well known law of glacier progression the form of her long lost husband might be expected to appear, expelled from the mouth of the torrent about that date. Patiently and with unfailing constancy they watched and waited, and their hopes were at last rewarded.

One day the body was released from its prison in the ice, and the wife looked again on the features of him who had been so long parted from her. But the pathos of the story lay in the fact that she was then an old woman, while the newly rescued body was that of quite a young and robust man, so faithfully had the crystal casket preserved the jewel which it held so long. The 40 years had left no wrinkles on that marble brow. Time's withering fingers could not touch him in that tomb, and so for a few brief moments the aged lady saw the husband of her youth as he was in the days which were gone forever. — C. H. Spurgeon's "Autobiography."

TO WEAR NEXT THE SKIN.

Comparative Merits of Several Materials From a Hygienic Standpoint.

What are the comparative merits of silk and flannel for wear next the skin? Some say flannel in winter, but not in warm summer weather. Flannel, we are told, is apt to engender the eruption known as "prickly heat." Nevertheless it is probably a question of the personal constitution. In any case, those who wear flannel in winter should be careful about leaving it off in summer, as it prevents chills. The nonconductor of heat in clothing is chiefly the air in its pores, and a thick, heavy clothing is not necessarily so warm as a light but porous vestment which incloses a layer of air in its tissues. This last protects the body against cold in winter and heat in summer.

Perspiration, by evaporating the liquid of the body, tends to cool it and counteract the heating effect of sunshine, but if it is excessive a chill may ensue, for instance, by suddenly going into a cool place, and flannel tends to prevent this result, by absorbing the perspiration as in a reservoir, and checking the excessive action of the skin. A thin cloth would not act as a regulator, and it is probable that many escape colds or worse by wearing flannel and woolen undervests. Recent experiments of M. Leo Vignon, a well known chemist of Lyons, however, show that silk is even more absorbent of water than flannel.

He finds, in fact, that 100 grains of cotton, flannel and silk absorb respectively 495,561 and 571 grains of water in the same time.

The "specific heat" or quantity of heat required by a body to raise its temperature one degree, which makes a body feel warm or cool to the touch, has also to be considered in this connection, and here flannel, especially old flannel, is preferable to silk, which is more sensitive to variations of temperature. Wool is therefore recommendable to those who are weak or sensitive to changes of temperature, but porous or spongy silk is also good.—London Globe.

Fascinating Power of Snakes.

Dr. A. J. Harrison, chairman of the Bristol and Clifton Zoological society, read some observations on the so called fascination of snakes before the recent meeting of the British association. His observations had extended over many years, he said, and he had come to the conclusion—confirmed by others—that there was no fascination exercised by snakes over their prey. Ducks, hens, rabbits and rats placed in the cages of snakes on feeding days played about, hopped on the snakes, pecked at them and showed no signs of fascination or alarm even when they saw their colleagues swallowed or crushed to death. Much of the popular belief about snakes—their size and their powers of fascination—was due to the myths of ancient history and poetic literature. The largest snake now in existence, or that probably ever existed, was only 25 feet long.—London Times.

Facts About Water.

There are some strange features about water. For instance, the more muscular a man is the more able to take care of himself on land, the harder it is for him to keep afloat. Fat men and women—all, not the fat ones in particular—float readily.

It is possible to float ten hours.

A man has been known to stay under water 4 minutes, 46½ seconds. Another man swam 218 feet under water. The 100 yard record in a tank is 1 minute 1 second; in open water, 1 minute 7 seconds.

A man swims faster under water if he can see no light, and under water records are made with the eyes closed.

An Objection.

"Do you read Shakespeare?" asked the old fashioned citizen.

"Well," answered Mr. Meekton, "we have an expurgated edition that Henrietta brought home last Christmas."

"There are some passages in the great poet's work not exactly suited to the young."

"Oh, it wasn't the young she worried about, but she insisted on having the set rebound so as to leave out 'The Taming of the Shrew.'" — Washington Star.

He Knew Him.

Again it was the terrible small brother doing the entertaining until his sister could put in an appearance.

"I guess you don't know me," said the caller, with a commendable desire to be pleasant.

"Oh, yes, I do. When I saw you through the window, I heard sister say, 'There comes that everlastin' Simpkins again!'"—Detroit Free Press.

The skins of boa constrictors fetch a large sum in South America, as they are after they have been tanned almost indestructible.

IN A TIGER'S MOUTH.

OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH WAS THIS MAN PLUCKED.

A Grewsome Encounter With One of Those Fierce and Daring Man Eating Brutes That Terrorize the People of India.

The most strictly accurate and graphic accounts of man eating tigers in India fail to convey an adequate sense of the awful terror which these terrible brutes inspire in the breasts of the unfortunate villagers, whom they haunt like evil demons. In ordinary cases the tiger or leopard attacks the village herds more or less openly, and the herdsmen, finding that the enemy will, as a rule, retreat on being shouted at with vigor, are not in bodily fear all the time, although I have known instances of the herdsman being killed by a tiger that he had presumed to interrupt while enjoying a meal from one of his cattle.

They become more dangerous when they have tasted the blood of their victim and are not usually disposed to give it up without a fight. I remember the case of a survey officer in India, who, being told of a "kill" near his work, went to inspect it unarmed. The tiger, disturbed at his meal, rushed out suddenly at the party, and in his headlong flight the officer, most fortunately for himself, tripped and fell into some long grass and bushes. The tiger's attention being drawn to the natives, who were climbing trees like monkeys in a hurry, he made for them, allowing the officer to crawl away in fear and trembling as quietly as he could.

But in the case of the man eater everything is different. Having discovered his power to kill the genus homo more easily than a big ape, he takes every possible advantage of it at every turn. Neither by night nor by day are they safe, and life becomes one long terror, for whether the natives are working in the fields or fetching firewood from the forest or water from the well, they know not at what turn they may be seized.

I know of one man eater in Mysore that was credited with over 500 victims, and the government offered a reward of 500 rupees for his skin. He was so bold as to think nothing of bounding into a crowd of travelers on the high road in daylight and of carrying off either a pedestrian or the driver of a bullock cart from his seat. He was not content with the usual tactics of seizing his prey outside, but used to break into huts to get at it. Two English officers, friends of mine, who went after this scourge, were shown a hut outside a village inclosure where a poor Dher, a low caste man not allowed to dwell within the village precincts for fear of polluting them, had lived with his wife and infant. He was blind and one night, being awakened by a strange noise, began to crawl and grope about the hut. He put his hand suddenly on the man eater, which had pushed the door open, killed the woman and child and was drinking their blood when the man's hand was laid [illegible] him. Doubtless suspecting a tr[illegible] bounded out of the hut without te[illegible] the man. What a picture for a Land[illegible]

But among the multitude of such sto[illegible] I venture to think that the following bea[illegible] away the palm for grewsome horror, and its truth has been confirmed from many sources. I had it from a relative, the owner of the tea estate in Assam where it occurred. S—— B—— was not many years ago—and, for all I know, still is—the manager of a tea garden in Assam, where a man eater was in the habit of carrying off the estate coolies for his dinner, probably finding them much less trouble than a deer or a pig. At last, emboldened no doubt, by unhindered success in obtaining victims, he took to carrying off coolies who were sleeping in the verandas of the manager's bungalow. Many traps had been laid for him, the bodies of his victims poisoned, watchers with guns on the lookout over the killed men, but so great was his cunning that he had escaped them all.

Everything having failed, things had become desperate, and B—— and some of his planter friends determined to sit up for the tiger in the veranda, with native blankets disguising them, an exceedingly exciting business, for, be it remembered, no lights were allowed, and the brute cared nothing for numbers, so that his appearance might be too sudden for unsteady nerves. One of the planters after they had sat a long time in breathless suspense entered the house for something that he wanted, and while looking for it was startled by a sudden terrible uproar in the veranda, which he had just left. Seizing his [illegible] rushed out to find all the [illegible] from the dark tea garden [illegible] of S—— B—— calling [illegible] Help! For God's sake, [illegible] got me! Help! Help!" [illegible], he ran toward the [illegible] gloom made out the [illegible] dragging B——, who [illegible], his hand in the [illegible] a moment's hesitation [illegible] the tiger, plunged the bay[illegible] and at the same time pu[illegible] The tiger fell, releasing [illegible] rushed back to the house [illegible] could reach the steps the t[illegible] and again seized poor [illegible] clawing his back and sh[illegible] manner. It was merci[illegible] effort, for the brute fell [illegible] could kill B——. It the[illegible] the tiger had stolen in [illegible] like a shadow, withou[illegible] warning, and had seized t[illegible] happened to be B—— [illegible] he had raised to defen[illegible] commenced to drag him [illegible] rose to his feet, and [illegible] the steps of the bungalow [illegible] walking off with his hand i[illegible] to be devoured, when [illegible] courage and presence of [illegible] from an awful death. T[illegible] utterly panic stricken, ha[illegible] nearest door, and had it [illegible] coolness of his brave rescue[illegible] have been added to the lo[illegible] man eater's victims. After being [illegible] many months B—— recovered to tell [illegible] awful tale of how he had been "led away to be eaten."—Colonel G. H. Trevor in Wide World Magazine.

Corrected.

An English member of parliament w[illegible] was addressing a political meeting so[illegible] time ago, hoping thereby to create a li[illegible] enthusiasm among the workingmen, [illegible] claimed, "When the polling day com[illegible] you good fellows must stick to me [illegible] bricks!"

A hardy son of toil, who knew from experience that bricks had no adhesive property, rose in the middle of the hall and said, "You mean like mortar, don't you, sir?"

Roars of laughter greeted this correction of the ignorance of the candidate.—Manchester Guardian.

WHICH ROAD?

If you could go back to the forks of the road—
Back the long miles you have carried the load,
Back to the place where you had to decide
By this way or that through your life to abide,
Back of the sorrow and back of the care,
Back to the place where the future was fair—
If you were there now, a decision to make,
Oh, pilgrim of sorrow, which road would you take?

Then, after you'd trodden the other long track,
Suppose that again to the forks you went back,
After you found that its promises fair
Were but a delusion that led to a snare;
That the road you first traveled with sighs and unrest,
Though dreary and rough, was most graciously blessed
With balm for each bruise and a charm for each ache—
Oh, pilgrim of sorrow, which road would you take?

—Hartford Religious Herald.

PERSIAN RULER'S JEWELS.

Fabulous Worth of the Gems In the Peacock Throne Room.

Who has not heard of the Persian jewels—their glory, their number, their priceless worth? When the doors were unlocked and I was taken into the peacock throne room, I found myself surrounded by a mass of wealth unequaled in the world. Nowhere are such treasures, but nowhere also is there such an accumulation of rubbish. I will, however, dismiss the rubbish and refer only to the treasures. Down each side of the room were chairs entirely covered with sheeted gold, and at intervals were tables of gold, nailed, I shuddered to note, with the commonest of black headed nails.

At the far end of the room was the wonder of the world, the peacock throne. Whether it is one of the seven thrones of the Great Mogul and was brought from Delhi I don't know, but it is certainly the most costly ornament that the eye of man can look upon. I inspected it most carefully. It is entirely of silver, a great camp bed structure, but modeled in lovely designs. It is incrusted from end to end and from top to bottom with diamonds.

At the back is a star of brilliants that makes you blink. The rug on which the shah sits is edged with precious stones, and the pillow on which he reclines is covered with pearls. I could keep on writing about the dazzling beauties of the throne of the king of kings, but I never could get beyond declaring it to be a superb jewel. Some people have valued it at £5,000,000. Its real value is between £2,000,000 and £3,000,000.

But, though the peacock throne is the magnum opus of the Persian crown jewels, it by no means extinguishes the magnificence of the other treasures. Who can attempt, however, to recount the number of bejeweled arms, the royal arms, the flashing aigrets, the trays piled up with [illegible] and uncut stones and the bowls filled [illegible] pearls that you can run through your [illegible] like a handful of rice? Every one [illegible] of the Daria-i-Nur, or sea of [illegible] diamond to the Kohinoor, or [illegible] light. Every one has also [illegible] Globe of the World, made of [illegible] 75 pounds of pure gold [illegible]—the sea of emeralds, [illegible], India of amethysts, [illegible] land and France of [illegible] at £947,000.—Il[illegible]

He[illegible]sible.

A recent [illegible] magazine upon famou[illegible] their wives relates a [illegible] of how Prince Clemen[illegible] Austrian chancellor [illegible] out of a difficulty that [illegible] a formidable one.

His wife, the erratic [illegible] had grievously offended [illegible] bassador, the Count de F[illegible] abruptness and discourtesy [illegible] in one of her moods of whims[illegible] per, she had chosen to treat him [illegible]

Her tongue was notably sha[illegible] some of her remarks stung so deep[illegible] the aggrieved official went formally to [illegible] husband to complain of her, asserting th[illegible] he could not, in his quality of ambassador, submit to such insulting treatment.

Prince Metternich was not at all disconcerted. With a genially apologetic shrug, but in a tone of voice expressive of the most gallant devotion to his consort, he exclaimed:

"What would you have, my dear count? I met the princess; I loved her; I have married her, but it was not I who brought her up!"

There was no further trouble, but if the prince's answer was both quick witted and diplomatic, it was certainly somewhat hard upon his mother-in-law!

A Superstition About Lord Minto.

About Lord Minto, who was governor general of India from 1807 to 1813, and who died soon after his return, Sir Walter Scott tells the following curious legend:

"It is very odd that the common people about Minto and the neighborhood will not believe at this hour—182[illegible]—that the first earl is dead. They think he had done something in India which he could not answer for—that the house was rebuilt on a scale unusually large to give him a suit of secret apartments and that he often walks about the woods and crags of Minto at night, with a white nightcap and long white beard. The circumstance of his having died on the road down to Scotland is the sole foundation of this absurd legend."

One would have thought that Scott would have been delighted with such a capital story. But no; Scott's reverence for rank and power stood in the way of a due appreciation even of the "white beard and white nightcap."—Exchange.

Not England's Daughter.

[illegible] The Pall Mall Magazine William [illegible] the real rather than the [illegible] ship existing between [illegible] part he writes: [illegible] a great [illegible] of [illegible] gest, is the [illegible] "mother [illegible] has given it [illegible] "Gigantic Daughte[illegible] Mr. William Watson, in [illegible] ning "O towering daughte[illegible] west," repeats the phrase w[illegible] ing. Both poets ignore the [illegible] and mistake a historical for a[illegible] lation. The American of today [illegible] daughter of the England of today[illegible]

A Common Complaint.

He—Yes, she is living under an ass[illegible] name.

She—Horrible! What is it?

He—The one she assumed immediately after her husband married her.—Syracuse Herald.

TWO SHARK STORIES.

Horrible Encounters Under the Water With Man Eating Monsters.

"One of the most horrible predicaments a diver was ever placed in," said Mr. Sully, the famous Newport diver, "must have been that of one of whom I once heard who had to investigate a wreck that had carried to the bottom with her a number of cattle. When he blew off the hatches, the bodies floated up, and with a rush a school of hungry sharks attacked them. They were all around the diver, fighting and struggling, and he was in mortal terror lest his air pipe should be bitten in two. In the midst of the fearful struggle that was going on. At length, unable to bear the suspense any longer, he signaled to be drawn up, notwithstanding that he would have to pass through the thick of the fierce monsters. In his passage to the surface he brushed close past the sharks, and one of them made a vicious grab at him. It missed his arm, but caught his fingers, and his hand was badly mangled. Perhaps, however, he was glad to get off as cheaply as he did.

"An American diver once told me a blood curdling story of a fight with a shark waged by a man named Hallett. The latter, it is said, was working in one of the old fashioned bells, and while he was being lowered one day he saw below him a black object. In a second or two he recognized that it was a shark, and, to his horror, the bell trapped the monster, so that man and shark were rubbing against each other in the closest possible proximity. The shark grew alarmed, and in swinging viciously around knocked Hallett from his seat. The diver had in his hand a small sharp saw, and, fearing that the shark would make short work of him, he seized one of its fins and plunged his saw deep into its body.

"Then a terrible struggle began. In the confined space the shark could not get at the diver without shaking off the hold that the latter had got, and the latter, seeing that his only hope was to retain his hold, clung on desperately, all the time driving his saw time after time into the body of the maddened sea tiger. Hallett had contrived to make a signal, and just as his senses were leaving him he felt himself rising. When the bell was dragged out of the water, man and shark rolled out in a blood stained heap, but the man had conquered. When he came to his senses, he found that a torn and wounded hand was all the injury he had received in the awful encounter, but the shark was dead." —Chums.

A Startling Signal.

When Bismarck was Prussian delegate to the federal diet at Frankfort, he took apartments in the house of a patri[illegible] who held [illegible] Prussians in great [illegible] nance [illegible] Bismarck appl[illegible] to [illegible] fixed up in [illegible] that [illegible] ed [illegible] few [illegible] was [illegible] room [illegible] into lodger's [illegible] at his Bismar[illegible] documents desk before [illegible] There was a calmly smok[illegible] smoking at pistol lying o[illegible] the barrel.

"For the love [illegible] what has happened?" asked the [illegible]

"Nothing, nothi[illegible] Bismarck quietly. "Don't [illegible] I was only calling my [illegible] very harmless signal, to [illegible] have to accustom yoursel[illegible] shall want oftentimes to u[illegible]

The bell was fixed up next [illegible]

[illegible]nglish Farmers Fifty Year[illegible]

[illegible]gs would be got ready soon [illegible] ear dinner, arrival being timed [illegible] 4 clock. The gentlemen would [illegible] faning survey, the ladies chat over [illegible] work, at 5 o'clock tea, if tea it could be [illegible]led, awaiting hosts and guests. The [illegible] course of this elaborate regale con[illegible] of home cured ham, that incompar[illegible] Suffolk ham pickled in spice, and [illegible] beer—harvest beer, itself clear as [illegible] twice as strong—was drunk [illegible]ish. Next came the strongest [illegible] richest of cream with rusks, [illegible] specialty, and cakes equally [illegible] tea things removed, hot [illegible] anter would be brought [illegible] thereby apparently di[illegible] Seldom did any [illegible] such prolonged [illegible] "Reminiscences of Bent[illegible]

You[illegible]la.

What ough[illegible] to be done. He who [illegible] brought to return it becau[illegible] brellas are for rain[illegible] er ought to be willi[illegible] brella on a fair day in [illegible] turned to its owner in th[illegible] it on the next rainy day. [illegible] in debt and could pay the de[illegible] ing with a little vanity or by a little exertion and yet does not discharge his debt he is not strictly honorable. The umbrella is not "only an umbrella," it is a point in morals. Many a man has started upward or downward in life from the day he struck an attitude toward his neighbor's umbrella.—Sunday School Times.

Justifiable Indignation.

One evening John Scott (Lord Eldon) had been sipping rather too freely of the convivial bowl with a friend in Edinburgh, and upon emerging into the air his intellect became considerably confused. Not being able to distinguish objects with any degree of certainty he felt himself quite capable of losing his way to his own home. While in this perplexity he saw some one coming toward him whom he asked, "D'ye ken whaur John Scott bides?"

"Whaur's the use of your speering that question? You're John Scott himsel'."

"I ken that," answered John indignantly, "but it's no himsel' that's wanted—it's his house."

She Cheated.

Said an indignant mother to her little son, "Why did you strike little Elsie, you naughty boy?"

Dick (indignant in his turn)—What did she want to cheat for, then?

"How did she cheat?" asked mamma more mildly.

"Why," explained Dick, "we were playing at Adam and Eve, and she had the apple to tempt me with, and she never [illegible]mpted me, but went and ate it up herself."—Exchange.

Turning the Tables on Him.

[illegible]tious Student—Excuse me, profes[illegible] were any of these cannibals vege[illegible]

[illegible]fessor—Probably not at that [illegible] have no doubt if the class [illegible] visited these flesh eaters the [illegible] have speedily acquired a taste [illegible] and fresh greens.—New

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Track Racer, $60.

The lightest and easiest running bicycle in the wind. Come and trade in your old wheel.

PHILBRICK'S BICYCLE STORE,

21 Fleet Street Portsmouth.

SPRING DECORATIONS ARE IN ORDER[redacted]

[redacted] th[redacted]f [redacted]in [redacted]uit- [redacted]uisite colo[redacted] Only expert w[redacted]by us, and our pric[redacted] work is as reasonable[redacted]rs.

J[redacted]ardiner

[redacted]aniel St. Portsmouth.

[redacted]STABLISHED IN 1872.

[redacted]E. BOYNTON,

BOTTLERS OF ALL KINDS OF

Summer Drink[redacted]

Ginger Ale, Lemonade, [redacted] *Tonic, Vanil* *Ora*[redacted] *berry Beer, Coff*[redacted] *Soda Water in* [redacted] *family use,* [redacted]*d at short no*[redacted] *Bottler of* [redacted]*kes Lager, Po*[redacted]*Cream and* [redacted]

[redacted]TLY FILLED

[redacted]ronage is solicited from [redacted] the public in general, and [redacted] be made to fill all order [redacted] satisfactory manner.

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For neat and attractive Printing there is no better place.

S. G.

BEST 10c CIGAR[redacted]

In The Mark[redacted]

S. GRYZMISH[redacted]

Pure Ha[redacted]

THE HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1901.

CITY BRIEFS

There was no police court on Tuesday.

Basket ball city championship at Peirce hall this evening.

Honors were paid to the memory of "Honest Abe" on Tuesday.

The Knight trial is proving a lengthy, as well as an interesting one.

The board of assessors has wound up its business for the past year.

The organ at the Middle street church is being overhauled by Boston workmen.

Spring is not far distant, for the women have begun to "price" the spring goods.

March winds will prove tame when they arrive, compared with February winds.

With three hundred cases of grippe, Saco comes very near being at the head of the column.

A group picture of the Woods Brothers basket ball team has been taken by Newell.

Fish is bringing high prices in the Portsmouth market on account of the recent cold spell.

The company playing When We Were Twenty One appears in Lowell, this (Wednesday) evening.

There will be a whist party at the Moses H. Goodrich fire engine house this (Wednesday) evening.

There was a progressive whist party in Peirce hall on Tuesday afternoon, conducted by the Charity club.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Pearl street Baptist Church meets in the vestry this afternoon and evening.

Several suspicious characters have been in town the past three days and the police are watching their actions.

The Austin-Lincoln association celebrated the birthday anniversary of Lincoln at Rechabite Hall on Tuesday evening.

Perfectly healthy people have pure, rich blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies and enriches the blood and makes [redacted] healthy.

Bicycle catalogues for the [redacted] have already begun to[redacted] the drummers will soo[redacted] appearance.

The large boiler f[redacted] brewery attracted[redacted] it was hauled thro[redacted]eet by eight large h[redacted]

A case [redacted] suffering under s[redacted]has been reported[redacted]family that recent[redacted]ice court.

[redacted]ire basket ball five, [redacted]hire college, will meet [redacted] team in this city Friday [redacted] dance will follow the [redacted]

[redacted]. N. Tenney of Swampscott, [redacted] will give a chalk talk to the [redacted]g people at the Advent Christian [redacted]urch, this afternoon, at 1.15. Everybody invited.

Two old Portsmouth favorites, Bradford and Weeks, will play on the basket ball team from New Hampshire college, which plays the Unity team in Peirce hall, Friday evening.

Conductor Garland's train was delayed ten minutes at Newburyport on Tuesday morning, by a leak in the boiler of the locomotive. Engines were exchanged with another train.

The Church Aid society of the Middle street church will have a sale of home made cake and candy at the Guild rooms next Saturday, from eleven o'clock in the morning, until four in the afternoon.

SEABROOK BEACH SOLD.

Wallace D. Lovell, Electric Railway Owner, Acquires Title.

Samuel H. Goodall of Seabrook, Frances N. Seavey of Greenland and John N. Goodall of Portsmouth have sold to Wallace D. Lovell of Newton, Mass., vice president and controlling owner of the Exeter, Hampton & Amesbury street railway, the large tract of land popularly known as Seabrook beach.

You [redacted]

[redacted]Killer

[redacted]os

Cramps Diarrhœa All Bowel Complaints

is a sure, safe and quick remedy.

There's ONLY ONE

Pain-Killer

Perry Davis'.

Two sizes, 25c and 50c.

A POOR BREAKFAST.

Very Few People Eat a Good Breakfast.

"All I want for breakfast is a roll and a cup of coffee."

This remark is heard not only in hotels, restaurants and lunch rooms but it is the usual breakfast order in the home circle as well. After a twelve hours' fast it would seem that the first meal of the day should be a hearty, substantial one, and if we all lived natural, unartificial lives, it would be so, but none of us do, hence breakfast is a mere pretence.

Says a latter day philosopher: "During many years of active business life, I never remembered having eaten a good substantial breakfast but supposed it was of no importance until I began to lose appetite for lunch and dinner.

My physician told me I was a victim of nervous dyspepsia and must take rest and recreation as no medicine would reach the trouble, but this advice I could not follow as my business affairs would not permit it, and to get relief I resorted to medicines and perscriptions and it was purely accidental that I hit upon one remedy which did the business. While in a drug store one evening I noticed a number of people buying Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, a widely advertised preparation for stomach troubles, and the force of example was too much for me and I bought a fifty cent package.

I took a tablet or two after each meal, and in a week my appetite picked up, I began to feel my old ambition for work returning and could eat a good breakfast because I wanted it and from that time to this, I take Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets as regularly as I take my meals, not because I now have any trouble with my stomach, but because I don't want to have.

A fifty cent box of Stuart's Tablets will last me a month and keep my digestion in good order, and I know of no better investment a business man can make.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. [redacted]ty five cents a bottle.

[redacted]PETITION ON ESTATE.

[redacted]dow of Frank A. Philbrick Wants To Be Administratrix.

The late Frank A. Philbrick, proprietor of the noted Farragut house at Rye beach, left no will.

A petition has been filed in the registry of probate for the appointment of [redacted]is widow, Lizzie B. Philbrick, as ad[redacted]inistratrix, she furnishing a bond for $[redacted],000.

T[redacted]e single other heir at law is a sister, [redacted]rs. Fannie W. Carter of Rutland, Vt. w[redacted]o concurs in Mrs. Philbrick's appoin[redacted]ment.

The p[redacted]tition requests the appointment as a[redacted]praisers of the large estate three prominent hotel men: Albert Batchelder of North Hampton, Col. Charles H. Greenl[redacted]af of Franconia and Frederick Purmont of Boston.

WAIVED EXAMINATION.

Mrs Florence Chandler Bound Over for the Supreme Court.

Mrs. Florence Chand[redacted]again before Judge Adams [redacted] this forenoon for a fur[redacted]of the charge against her[redacted]ith Fred H. Fuller, the [redacted]tor. She waived exa[redacted] furnished bonds of [redacted]ppearance before the [redacted]the supreme court.

BUCKLEN[redacted]ALVE.

Has world[redacted] marvellous cures. It su[redacted]er salve, lotion, ointm[redacted] Cuts, Corns Burns, B[redacted]elons, Ulcers, Tetter, [redacted] Fever Sores Chapped[redacted] Eruptions; Infallible[redacted]re guaranteed, Only 2[redacted] Grocery Co.

[redacted]ness.

A [redacted] surgeon states that num[redacted]travel hundreds and the[redacted] to consult him about d[redacted]ntirely due to a collec[redacted]he ears, which is easily [redacted]able with a syringe and [redacted]This experience is fully [redacted]hat of other practitioners, [redacted]ho come to us in great con[redacted]heir deafness are sent away [redacted]fectly satisfied and comforted by the [redacted]plication of some softening material to the wax and the removal of the softened mass by careful syringing.

This leads us to another cause of deafness—a sore and congested throat and enlarged tonsils, quinsy, etc. The deafness that not infrequently accompanies a cold is in many cases traceable to the blocking of these little tubes, which convey air and sound to the ear. Hence a gargle of alum and water, port wine and water or alum water with a little cayenne pepper, may remove this form of deafness by improving the condition of the throat, or a wet bandage round the throat, covered in turn by gutta percha tissue or flannel, or a linseed poultice, may cure the same condition, and in cases of chronically relaxed throats, with accompanying deafness, the cold douche to the throat is invaluable if systematically used, and a chlorate of potash or carbolic acid lozenge, eaten occasionally, will also be beneficial.—New York Ledger.

A TALE OF SUFFERING.

An Awful Ride of a Merchant from Portsmouth to Newfields.

The Newfields correspondent of the *Herald* tells of the awful ride of a merchant of Newfields from this city to his home during the storm of last week, which has just come to light there.

The man's name is Charles Littlefield, who is blind and whose home is on the Epping road. While he was driving to Newfields, by some unaccountable means, the sleigh became capsized and Mr. Littlefield was thrown out into the snow. The horse proceeded toward home, and the unfortunate man was unable to find his way.

To add to his discomfiture, the wind was blowing a perfect gale and the light snow, as fast as it fell, was tossed in high drifts all along the road. Try, as he might, impeded scarcely less by the fury of the storm than by his blindness, Mr Littlefield could make very little progress, nor could he tell whether he was headed toward home or back to Portsmouth.

He wandered about for several hours in the snow, and when, at length, he was found by travelers and removed to a neighboring farm house, it was learned that both his hands were badly frozen. The people at the house treated the affected members as well as possible and the man was afterwards placed in the care of a physician, who says that the patient will undoubtedly lose both hands.

COMING HOME.

Julian Trask on the Way to Laconia from the Philippines.

The many friends of Julian F. Trask, a former Laconia resident, but who for over a year has been employed as clerk in the naval office at Cavite, Philippine Islands, will be pleased to learn according to a Laconia Correspondent, that he has sailed from that country and is expected to arrive at his home in Laconia sometime during the present week. A letter was received from Mr. Trask yesterday, which was written on Feb. 6 1901. It was postmarked San Francisco, which would indicate that he has arrived safely in that city.

The letter was commenced while he was on the ship en route from Cavite to San Francisco, but on his arrival at the latter place a footnote was added, in which "Jule" said that he did not know at that time just how long he would remain in San Francisco, as he had some business to transact with the government officers.

Mr. Trask was formerly a well known New Hampshire newspaper man and has numerous friends in all parts of the state, and since he has been in the Philippines has contributed frequently and most interestingly to the column of the Herald.

NAVAL MATTERS.

Rear Admiral Philip Hichborn, chief constructor of the navy, will leave Washington on the 28th inst. He intends to go to Florida for a short rest. His retirement occurs on March 4.

Orders were issued Monday directing that the armored cruiser New York be placed in commission next Saturday.

Rear Admiral Rodgers, who has been assigned to the Asiatic station, is now in New York. Upon his return to Washington he will be given orders to proceed to Manila. It is expected that he will sail about the middle of the month.

The board of naval construction Monday recommended that the bids of the Bath company and Newport News company of the 10,000 ton protected cruisers be rejected and advertisements issued for further proposals. It found the bid of Neafie & Leavy of Philadelphia within the limit and recommended that this firm be awarded one of the ships.

Rear Admiral Crowninshield, chief of the bureau of navigation, states that no fears for the safety of the training ship Topeka are felt by the navy department. The Topeka sailed a short time ago from Cape Verde for Barbadoes and is not due for several days. Before her departure she was put in excellent condition, and the department does not believe she is or has been in any danger.

Rear Admiral O' Neall, chief of ordnance, has sharply reprimanded the Driggs Seabury Gun & Ammunition Company of Derby, Ct., for the attempt of some of its workmen to deliver defective three-inch shells to the government. Further action has not been taken, because Rear Admiral O' Neall is convinced that employes and not the responsible officers of the company were guilty of the effort to supply shells which did not come up to the navy requirements.

Mr. Gallinger of New Hampshire has presented the concurrent resolution adopted by the legislature of New Hampshire, urging an appropriation for the removal of Henderson's Point in Portsmouth harbor, in the national senate and the same has been referred to the committee on naval affairs and ordered to be printed.

MONEY FOR YOU

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Guaranteed Saving By attaching to any Gas Meter

THE SLEEMAN AUTOMATIC

Governor as attached to the Riser of Consumer's Side of Gas Meter.

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INSURING GREATER BRILLIANCY, STEADIER FLAME, SECURITY AGAINST FIRE. INSURANCE RISKS GREATLY REDUCED. NO BLOWING NOR SMOKING BURNERS. NO BROKEN GLOBES.

Marvelous Sanitary Effects. *No Poisonous Vapors from Unconsumed Gases. No vitiated Atmosphere. No smoked-up Walls, Paintings nor Drapery.*

Practical Economy. *You pay their cost to Gas Company every three months, four times a year.*

Reliable and Durable, *And so constructed that it can not get out of order or wear out. No Acids or Mercury used to poison the Atmosphere.*

Better than Government Bonds, Savings Banks Accounts, or Real Estate Investments,

Is the Guaranteed Saving of from 25 TO 50 PER CENT *monthly on all Gas Bills.*

WE COURT THE SEVEREST INVESTIGATION. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

Prices from $15.00 TO $400, *according to size of meter and number of lights.*

Indorsed by U. S. Government and Leading Corporations throughout the Country.

THE GAS TIP REGULATOR Designed to take the place of the above for residences and small consumers. Goes in the burner. Can be adjusted by a child. Simple and durable. Absolutely controls the pressure and will save you from 30 to 60 per cent on your monthly bills. Will do all the work claimed for the large machine. Price, 25 cents each. $2.50 per dozen. Sent postpaid on receipt of Postal, Money Order, Currency or Stamps. Liberal terms and exclusive territory to agents.

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126 LIBERTY STREET, NEW YORK.

PERSONALS.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Ed Pickering were in Boston on Tuesday.

John W. Dow of Seabrook was in the city on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs Joseph W. Peirce passed Tuesday in Boston.

Paul Leighton of Miller avenue went to Boston on Wednesday morning for a few days.

John Farber of Newburyport has been visiting his parents in this city for a few days.

Miss Sadie Holmes of Granite State avenue, who has been ill for the week past, is convalescent.

Charles F. Adams of Hampton, publisher of the Rockingham County News, was in the city on Wednesday.

Mrs. Edward Marden, Union street, was summoned to Lowell, Mass., on Tuesday, by the illness of her sister.

Charles W. Gray left on Tuesday for Hartford, Conn., where on Thursday noon he will wed Miss Sarah Roberts.

Hon. Cyrus Little, speaker of the state house of representatives, has become a member of the Paul Jones club of this city.

Patrick Harvey, for some years in charge of the tonsorial parlors at the Rockingham, has gone to his home in Dover to recover from a severe illness.

Very Rev. E. M. O'Callaghan of Concord was in this city on Tuesday and received a hearty greeting from his former parishioners and other people here.

Manager W. K. Hill of the Rockingham and Mrs. Hill have gone to New York, to be present at the observance of the 80th birthday anniversary of Mr. Hill's mother.

Miss Alpaugh, matron of the Cottage hospital, gave an interesting and instructive talk on "The Health of Children," before the Mothers' meeting at the North church chapel, Middle street, Tuesday afternoon.

The marriage of Miss Emily Woods, daughter of John Woods, Pleasant street, to Albert B. Ward, son of Dr. Sherman Ward of Ottawa, Canada, will take place in this city today. Miss Woods has been visiting relatives in New Haven for the past year.

Willis E Underhill, clerk in the Portsmouth Savings bank, was surprised at his new home on Union street Monday evening, by a number of his friends, who presented to him a mahogany table and a handsomely framed picture. Mrs. Underhill, who had been forewarned of the visitation, served a fine supper to the guests.

HOME AND SCHOOL.

Miss Sarah L. Arnold, who came to this city under the auspices of the Portsmouth Teachers' association, delivered a thoughtful address at the High school, on Tuesday afternoon, upon "The Home and the School." Miss Arnold has a considerable reputation as a speaker along educational lines, and her listeners on this occasion found that the reputation is deserved. The lady has a very pleasant address and a convincing manner of presenting her subject.

NOTICE.

There will be a meeting of the Boys brigade at the Y. M. C. A. rooms this (Wednesday) evening at 7.30. All the members are earnestly requested to be present.

THE MAN FROM MEXICO.

The Man From Mexico, which will be presented at Music hall next Monday evening by Walter E. Perkins and his comedy company will furnish a strictly high class offering in comedy and one that will prove most satisfying to local theatre goers if the well seasoned judgment of capable critics may be taken as accurate. The play has been a great laughing success in the larger cities during the past two seasons and now that Mr. Perkins has secured the rights to it, he has endeavored successfully to keep it up the high standard fixed by its production in New York, Boston, Chicago and elsewhere. All the appointments necessary to a high class performance are carried on tour and the cast has been chosen with care and judgment. To lovers of genuine, hearty and wholly pure fun it offers perhaps the best entertainment of its kind ever given in this city. The cast includes Nagle Barry, Donald Brine, Philip Yale Drew, Augustus E. White, John F. Beck, Jerome Harrington, Theo. Johnston, Maude A. Scott, Florence Templeton, Marion Longfellow and Pearl J. Ford.

AT THE NAVY YARD.

About $100,000 worth of new material is being purchased for the yard.

The yard watchmen have been handed copies of the new yard regulations.

Several machinists have reported for work in the steam engineering department.

Master Shipwright Augustus N. Stevenson has commenced work on the new ferry.

F. W. Wilmont of Berlin has reported for duty as stenographer in the department of supplies and accounts.

Quite a large delegation from the navy yard attended the performance at Music hall on Tuesday evening.

D. W. Barnabee made his appearance in the office of the naval constructor on Tuesday after a two weeks' illness. He was given a hearty greeting by all the clerks of the yard.

RED IN THE BLOOD

is the sign of life, of vital force, of the force that life has, of the force that life is.

When the red is lacking, life is weak, the spirits are weak, the body is weak.

Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil puts red in the blood and life in the body.

It's the food you can turn into muscle and bone and nerve. It gives you the mastery over your usual food—you want that. What is life worth if you've got to keep dosing yourself as an invalid?

Red in the blood! get red in the blood!

We'll send you a little to try, if you like.
SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl street, New York.

THE FLAG GOES UP

In many strange and remote places nowadays. It goes up to stay and it means civilization, prosperity and happiness wherever it floats.

We have RAISED THE FLAG OF LOW PRICES in this city. It has gone up to stay. It means satisfaction and economy. It stands for the best Tailor-Made Suits and Overcoats at the Lowest Possible Prices.

Better Goods and Lower Prices than ever before.

JAS. HAUGH

20 High Street.

NOW Is the time to insp[ect] the samples of FALL and WINTE[R] CLOTHING

I have just received a n[ew] lot of samples and I am p[re]pared to make suits fr[om] $15.00 up and pants fr[om] $4.00 up.

CLEANSING, REPAIRING AND PRESSING SPECIALTY.

Perfect Satisfaction Guarante[ed]

O'LEARY, THE TAILOR

5 Bridge Street.

Old Furnitur[e] Made New.

Why don't you send so[me] of your badly worn uph[ol]stered furniture to Robert Hall and have it re-uph[ol]stered? It will cost but litt[le].

Manufacturer of All Kinds o[f] Cushio[ns] And Coverings.

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